Vol. 42 No. 1 JANUARY 22, 1990 49145 $1.95

ACE, LIES & VIDEOTAPE

The Corrupting of Alan Cranston, p. 20

# NATIONAL REVIEW

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Reports on the Rebirth of Christianity Under Communism

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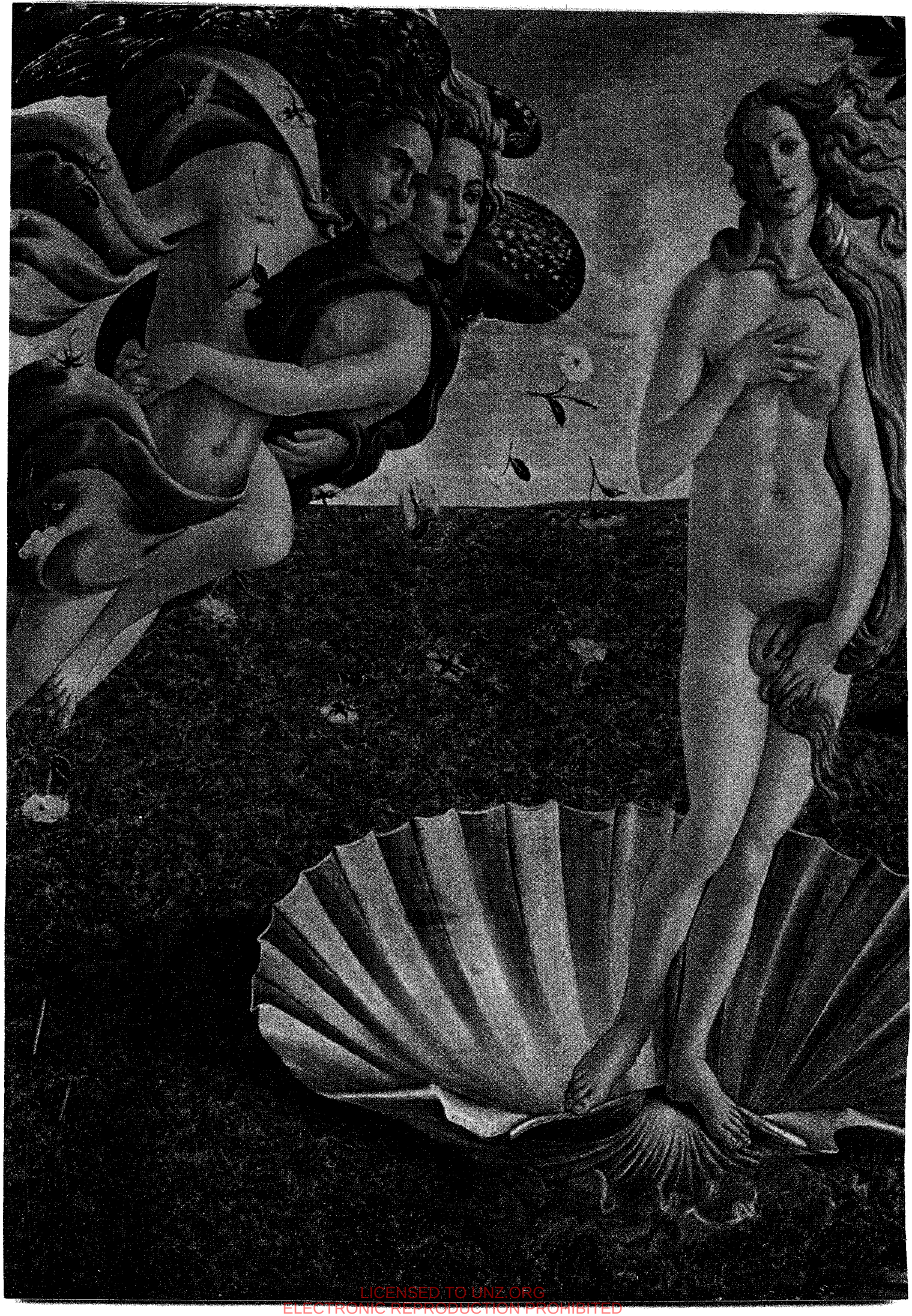

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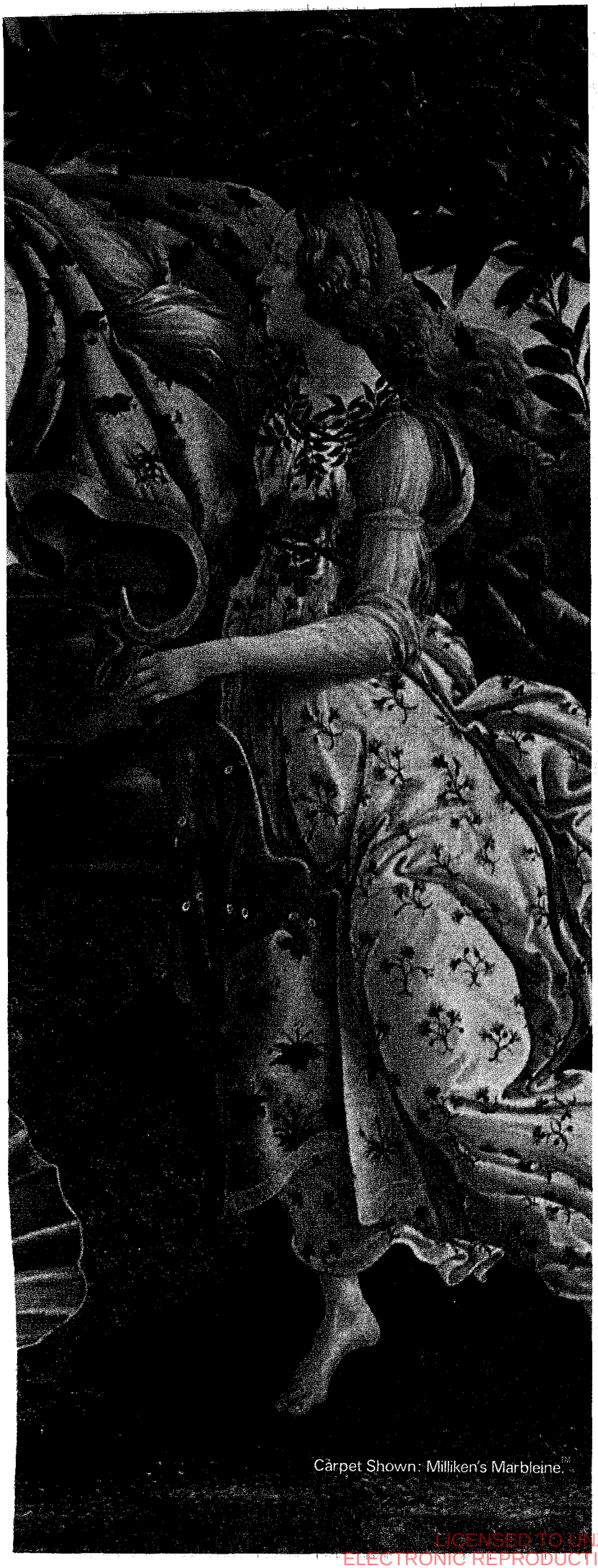

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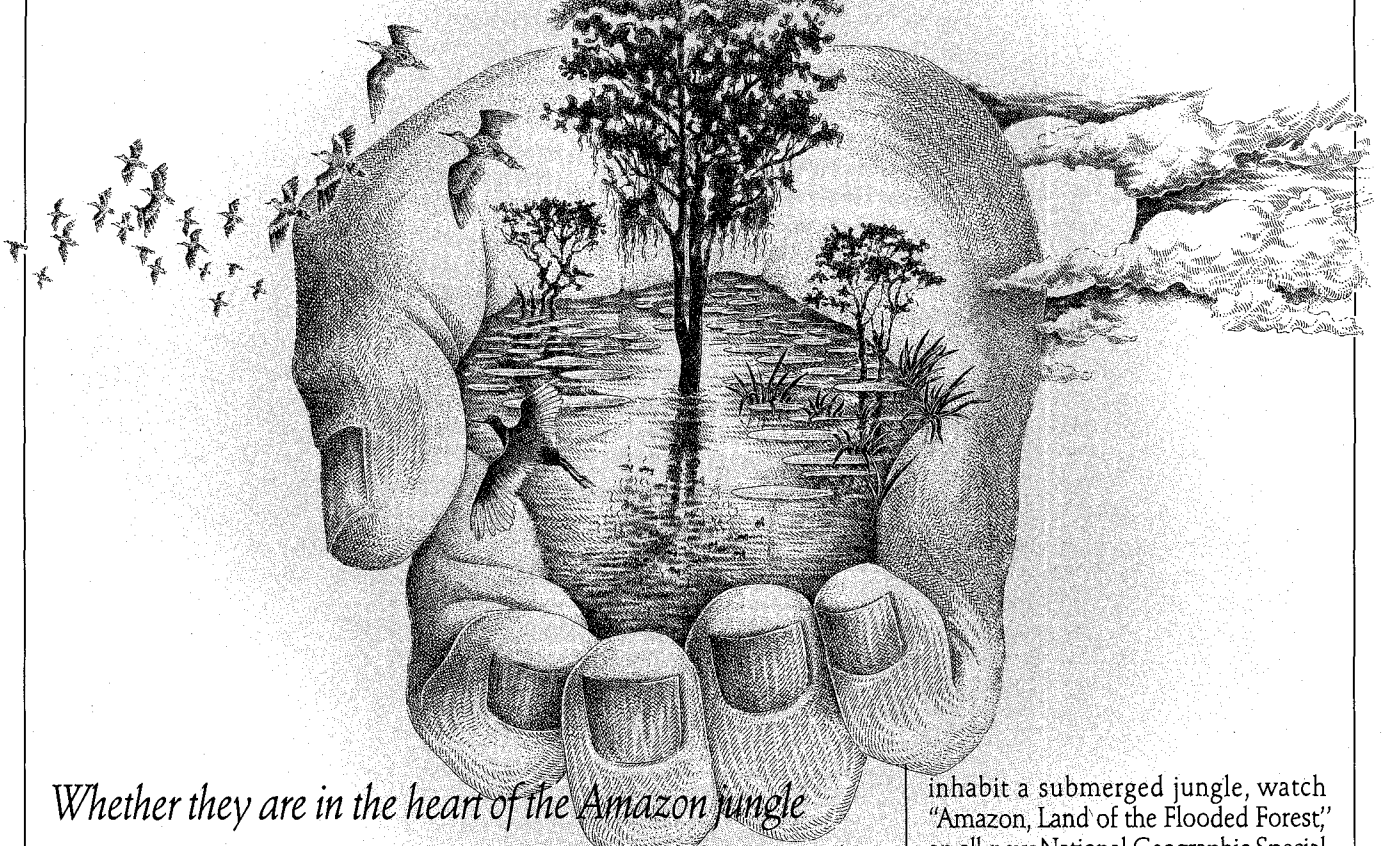

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# NATIONAL REVIEW

JANUARY 22, 1990 VOL. XLII, NO. 1

## Special Reports

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In the most exciting Christmastime in half a century, our correspondents report on the spiritual condition in a variety of Communist and de-Communizing countries. **Radek Sikorski** spends Christmas Day dodging bullets in Rumania, after a solemn but joyous Christmas Eve in Warsaw. **Bennett Owen** travels through the crumbling Wall for Christmas Eve in East Berlin. **Juris Kaza** reports on the first official Christmas in Latvia in 49 years, and **Peter G. Kaufmann** on the resurgent church in Lithuania. In Moscow, explains **Sergei Grigoryants**, the Orthodox could not bear to wait this year for Christmas according to their old-style calendar: they began their celebration on December 24. And **Olga S. Hruby** provides a rundown on permitted and underground religious activity throughout Central and Eastern Europe.

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***Cover illustration by Tim Bower***

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. National Review, Inc., 1990. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P.O. Box 96639, Washington, D.C. 20077-7471; phone, 800-222-6806, Monday–Friday, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct all display and classified advertising questions to The Leadership Network at 212-684-5500.

*RATES: $39.00 a year (25 issues). Add $11.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.*



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# LETTERS

### *Sino–Rockefeller Relations*

I've just read a column entitled "The Japs Capture Rockefeller Center" ["On the Right," Dec. 8]. This is, of course, merely the latest word in a barrage of media stories on the Mitsubishi Estate Company's acquisition of 51 per cent of (or controlling interest in) Rockefeller Center, including skits on the Johnny Carson show, as well as scathing pronouncements by the various network news anchors, ad nauseam.

What puzzles me, however, is that none of this is true. What Mitsubishi actually purchased was 51 per cent of the Rockefeller Group's 28.5 per cent of Rockefeller Center, which, because of the financial complexities of that vast property, accounts for approximately a one-eighth interest in the Center.

Which raises an interesting question: Did individual reporters and other members of the media know this, and thus deliberately spread a false report, or is it just another example of the slipshod reporting that is now the hallmark of American journalism?

Whatever the reason for this campaign of misinformation, I think it would be helpful if *NR* were to do its part in setting the record straight.

*Marc Rangel*
*New York, N.Y.*

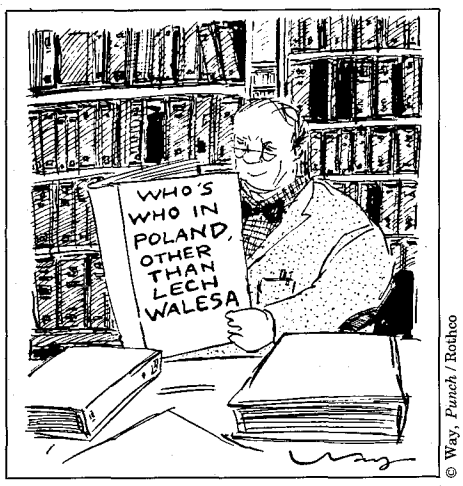
### *Suppressing the Truth*

On reading Radek Sikorski's article "Poland's Good Old Days (Now)" ["On the Scene," Dec. 22], I was impressed by the lack of critical information about what is really happening in Poland. From the very first day of the "new order" in Poland, it was recorded by all that there was no joy among the masses. Even now as I write this, seething discontent grows by the hour.

The boycott of the June "elections" by most political activists remains a point of contention among Solidarity members; the center of dissatisfaction remains the fact that real power is still in the hands of the Communists: presidency, security forces, military, embassies, trade, banking, 95 per cent of the old bureaucracy, and transportation. Radio Free Europe's Polish section is led by well-known former regime speakers who censor all dissent that rejects the Jaruzelski–Walesa line. Most political organizations remain illegal and do not have any access to media, printing, and free association.

Sikorski makes no mention of the first national convention of the Solidarity trade union since martial law, which has been in the planning for months and which will take place a few weeks from now in Szczecin. Perhaps this is because the organizers are not pro-Jaruzelski–Walesa and no longer consider Walesa their leader. As Mr. Sikorski laments over the future of "intellectuals"—whom he seems to credit for the success of the freedom movement, neglecting the much larger roles played and risks taken by the striking workers, protesting students, and the Catholic Church—he identifies himself with those currently in power as opposed to the majority of Poles.

I would like to recommend that NATIONAL REVIEW commission Mr. Sikorski to interview the co-founder of Solidarity, Andrzej Gwiazda; the heroine of the Solidarity movement, Anna Walentynowicz; the chairman of the Solidarity election committee, Marian Jurczyk; the leader of the popular Polish Independence Party, Romuald Szeremietiew; and the leader of the popular Fighting Solidarity Movement, Kornel Morawiecki. I am not totally dismayed, however; the truth cannot be suppressed forever. The view of the opposition that is not Communist-approved is that we are all being victimized by the propagandists, and that the reports of Communism's death have been, and will in all likelihood continue to be, greatly exaggerated.



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*Joe Losiak*
Radical Newsletter
*Berwyn, Ill.*

*Mr. Losiak may have read about the lack of enthusiasm in Poland after the June elections in my own report ["Nobody Here but Us Democrats," Sept. 29]. Astonishingly, the Mazowiecki government's popularity ratings have gone up since then, despite increased hardships.*

*If my reading is correct, Mr. Losiak makes three points: 1) that the Walesa–Jaruzelski deal stinks; 2) that Communists are still entrenched in many key institutions; 3) that non-Solidarity opposition is subdued.*

*He is right on all three counts though not because of the conspiracy he hints at.*

*1) The Walesa–Jaruzelski deal (which guaranteed the Communists a substantial majority of seats in the Polish parliament), though now obsolete, was probably the most that could be achieved at the time. Free elections should now be called so that the Communists' presence in parliament reflects their miserable support in the country.*

*2) The Mazowiecki government is indeed timid in purging Communist bureaucrats, but it is hampered by the shortage of trained alternative personnel.*

*3) Non-Solidarity opposition is mute because of a lack of money as much as a general consensus against rocking Mazowiecki's boat. As the Communist publishing monopoly, RSW Prasa, goes bust, and more paper is available on the market, it is becoming easier to start new, independent newspapers.* —RS

### *Kemp's Vivacious Vision*

Wick Allison admits that the Republicans are winning the war of ideas and setting the national agenda. As he points out in "How to Win an Election" [Oct. 13], Republicans have "an unprecedented opportunity to present an alternative for the Nineties."

If we are to become the majority party in Congress, that alternative must demonstrate to the American people the superiority of our agenda for furthering the good of each individual. While Democrats propose day-care subsidies for working women with children, we offer meaningful tax credits for all women with families to care for. While Democrats seek to expand the bureaucracy, we expand opportunity for all who need it. While Democrats offer welfare rolls, we have put 19 million workers on



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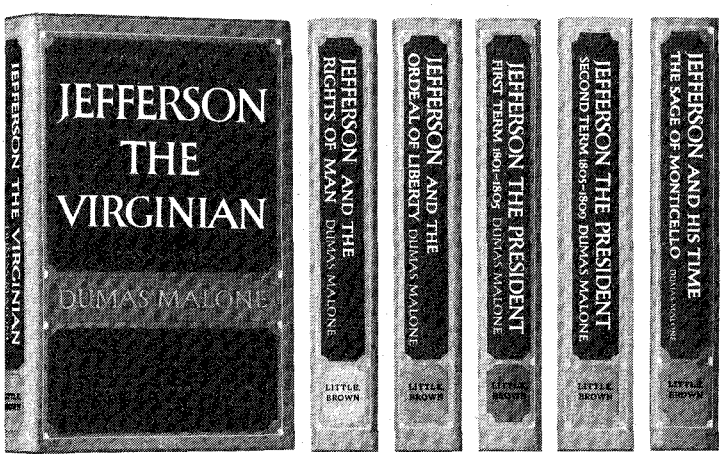


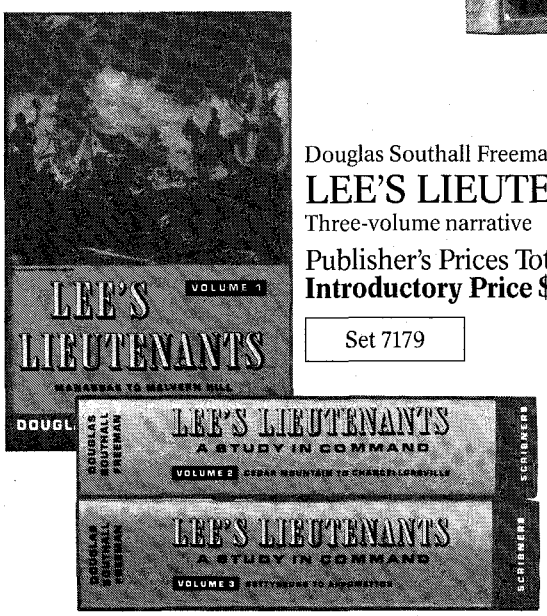


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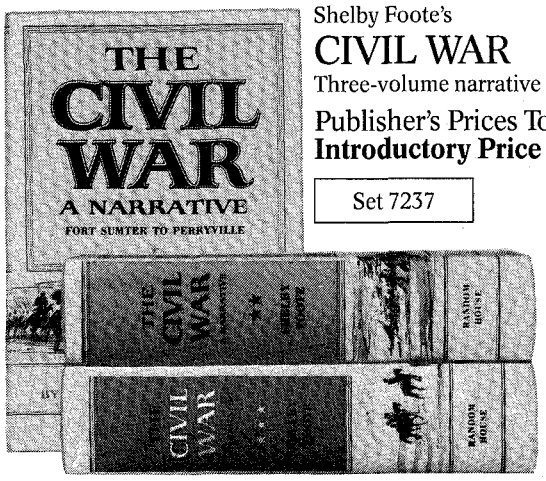


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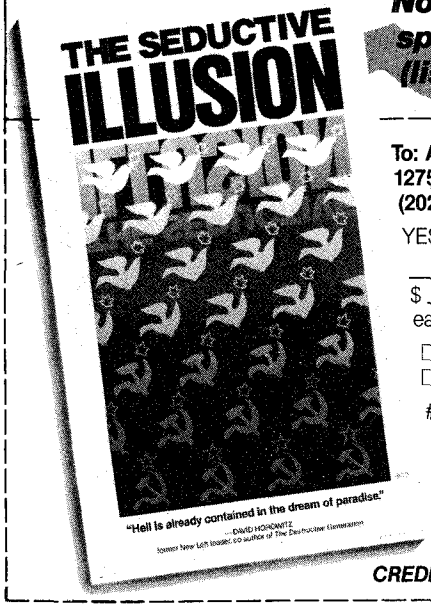


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payrolls. While liberals offer redistribution of wealth, Republicans offer opportunities for all Americans to create wealth, including low-income families and the working poor.

I agree when Allison says that "campaigns are battles of ideas." But he fails to recognize the transcending necessity of a winning national agenda to a potential GOP House majority.

The problem isn't that we've tried to win local elections on a national referendum—it's that we haven't done enough to make our national agenda dominate local elections. Allison argues for a Tip O'Neill "all politics is local" strategy for winning House races. But this plays right into the Democrats' hands. We can't compete by trying to outbid Democrats in offering a menu of programs to enough groups and interests to make up a voter majority. Republicans can compete and win by offering a vision encompassing the common interest of all Americans—a vision of growth and opportunity.

Finally, and on a more personal note, I think Mr. Allison has done Ed Rollins a disservice by dismissing his effectiveness and that of the new team at the National Republican Congressional Committee. I don't know Wick Allison as well as I know Ed Rollins and the others who have recently brought their presidential campaign experience to bear in an effort to elect a Republican Congress. I do know that they deserve more credit and a more thoughtful article than the one given them by *NR.*

*Jack Kemp*
*Secretary*
*Housing and Urban Development*
*Washington, D.C.*

*If Jack Kemp were leading Republican efforts to capture the House in 1992, we'd all feel a lot better. As it is, the strategic points he makes, which I don't fundamentally dispute, are likely to be lost altogether on the two Republicans who are in charge, Minority Leader Bob Michel and the campaign chairman, Guy Vander Jagt.*

*The problem is not hired guns like Ed Rollins. If it were, Mr. Rollins's track record—leading Jack Kemp's presidential campaign to a whopping 2.7 per cent of the GOP primary vote, for instance—might weigh more heavily on our minds.*

*Good ideas abound, from Mr. Kemp and others in the Republican ranks. But these ideas run into a wall of inaction from the House Republican leadership, which seems to have given up all hope of winning control of Congress.* —WA



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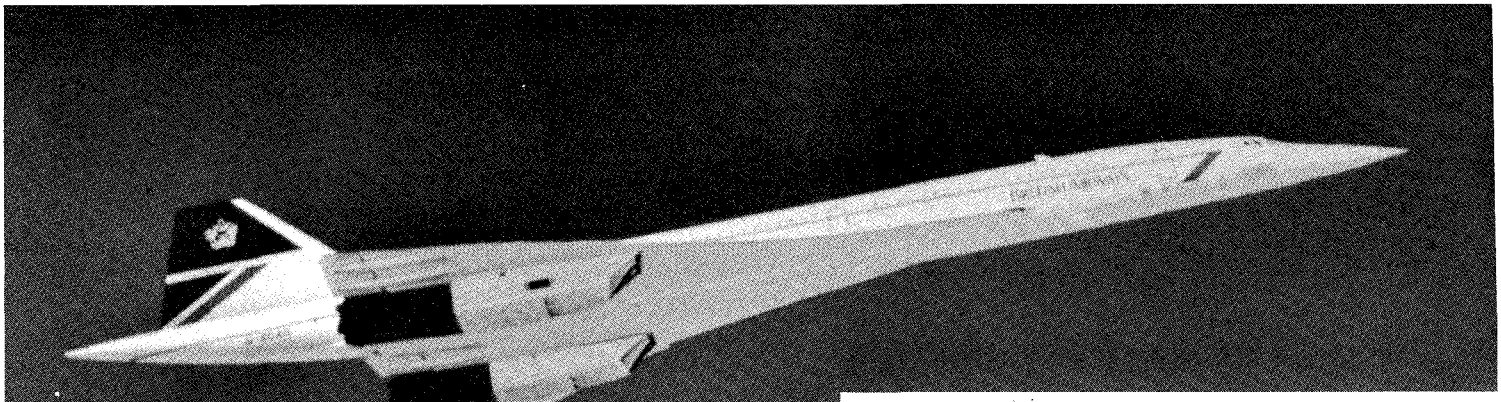

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## FROM THE EDITOR

# Bad Timing

■ Stop Press: *Time* magazine endorses Ronald Reagan's description of the Soviet Union as an "evil empire." Its current issue notes that the Soviet system was "not just bad or inept but inherently destructive, its stupidity regularly descending into evil." Since this admission occurs in a *Time* cover story on how Eastern Europe regained its freedom in 1989, we may infer that the said system was heretofore an empire. And placing the two ideas together, we get an "evil empire"—although *Time*'s computer is probably programmed to use the phrase only in pejorative irony. Its 1983 report on the President's speech described it as "fire and brimstone," and "bellicose."

Now for the bad news. This tardy surrender to Mr. Reagan's analysis was set in the context of wide-eyed schoolgirl adulation for Mr. Gorbachev as "Man of the Decade." He is, gushes *Time*, "the Copernicus, Darwin, and Freud of Communism all wrapped into one," "a visionary . . . the *apparatchik* as Magellan and McLuhan . . . a global navigator." Such things were, of course, said about Ceausescu, but only by the ventriloquist's dummies of the controlled local press. *Time* presumably believes them.

There is, to be sure, some critical analysis amid the treacle. What is absent, however, is any tribute to *Time*'s new mentor, Mr. Reagan. (One of the few references dismisses "his evil-empire phase"—but this is doubtless a knee-jerk insertion by the computer.) Yet Mr. Gorbachev, with all his genuine virtues, is a response to the success of the Reagan defense, economic, and foreign policies of the 1980s.

These—and, in particular, the much-derided Strategic Defense Initiative—convinced the Soviet leadership that it could not win a military or technological competition with the U.S. It would have to concentrate on domestic reform and recovery. *Time*'s Strobe Talbott mentions this fact of recent history only to dismiss it on the grounds that there never was a Soviet threat in the first place. The tanks were cardboard, the rockets wouldn't light, and the invasions of Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Afghanistan were all done by mirrors. Orwell's "memory hole" may no longer operate in Moscow, but apparently it survives at *Time*.

A fair judgment of Mr. Gorbachev must be favorable but interim. He saw that Soviet society needed reform, but he didn't know what reform it needed. He thus became a brilliant improviser, trying anything once. This is somewhat obscured because Western journalists give the name *perestroika* to whatever he does—first, cracking down on absenteeism and alcoholism, then legalizing free-market arrangements like the cooperatives, and most recently retreating to a "temporary" continued reliance on central planning and price control. As each stage has produced major problems, so he has leapt nimbly onto the next like a man keeping his balance on barrels which are rolling downhill. He is formidably agile. But the barrels will reach the bottom of the hill at some point. Only then will we be able to judge his true historical significance. Meanwhile, the real Man of the Decade is Ronald Reagan, impresario to Mikhail Gorbachev's acrobatic Houdini.

■ Finally, my view of the Eighties. This is a decade that lasted ten years, confounding the predictions of the Nuclear Freeze movement. The years 1981 and 1987 were years of covetousness; 1983 and 1986 of gluttony; 1984 and 1988 years of idealism alleviated by despair (as Democratic candidates rose and were felled); 1987 and 1989 years of envy; and 1982 and 1985 sunny with occasional intervals of sloth. If the Thirties were a "low dishonest decade," the Forties "frightened," the Fifties "anxious," the Sixties "idealistic," and the Seventies "anxious" again, what were the Eighties? Only *Time* will tell.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN



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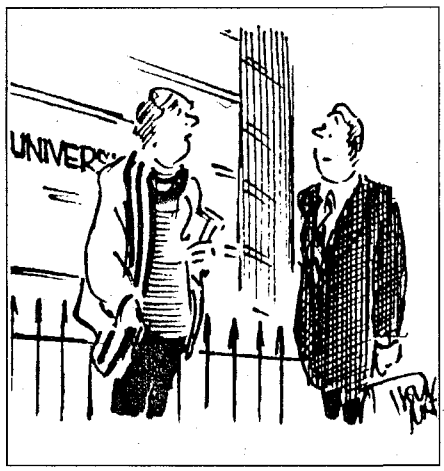
# ON THE RECORD

■ In terms of human liberty, 1989 was a banner year. **Freedom House**'s year-end survey found that "a higher percentage [of nations] and a higher number of people lived in freedom in 1989" than at any other time in Freedom House's 18 years of operation. Its survey classifies 61 nations and three territories as "free," 44 nations and three territories as "partly free," and 62 nations and five territories as "not free." Among nations that have moved from "not free" to "partly free": **Algeria**, **Chile**, **Hungary**, **Poland**, **Yugoslavia**. The survey continues to list **Czechoslovakia** and **East Germany** as "not free," as it does **Rumania** and **Panama**, where events overtook Freedom House editors—and everyone else. . . . **Market Opinion Research**'s December 1989 survey shows 62 per cent of Americans believe changes in Eastern Europe are permanent, 27 per cent think they could still be reversed. But poll also found that while 37 per cent of Americans feel it would be safe to cut defense spending given Eastern Europe developments, 55 per cent think it would be premature. . . . **Lichter** Media Monitor, reporting on 1,809 media stories on first 11 months of **Bush** Administration, comments that Bush got less than one-third the TV coverage **Reagan** got his first 11 months in office. As to bias, the Lichters say that Bush's foreign-policy coverage was balanced, but that the President got a 2 to 1 negative press on domestic stories. . . . Major criticism of Bush's Panama invasion came from Black Caucus leaders **Charles Rangel** (D., N.Y.), **Gus Savage** (D., Ill.), and **Ron Dellums** (D., Calif.). But the blue ribbon goes to Rep. **Don Edwards** (D., Calif.): "It [the invasion] appears to be a trigger-happy act of gunboat diplomacy that continues our mindless one-hundred-year abuse of small Central American nations." . . . Interesting decade-end figures on nuclear power. **U.S. Council for Energy Awareness** says nuclear-power generation almost doubled in the U.S. in the 1980s, as 46 new nuclear units were added.

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*"I'm reading European History, October–November 1989."*

■ Politics '90: In Massachusetts, Boston U. President **John Silber**, who had been wooed by state Republicans, is expected to run for governor as Democrat. He's already lined up big-time media consultant **Robert Squier**. Silber's off-again-on-again performance upsetting present Democratic candidates **Evelyn Murphy** and **Frank Bellotti**. Late December poll showed Republican gubernatorial candidates **Steven Pierce** (pro-life) and **William Weld** (pro-choice) running surprisingly well (for Republicans in Mass.). Pierce trails Murphy by just 11 points, Bellotti by six; Weld trails Murphy by 11 points, Bellotti by 13. . . . Most likely to take on **Barney Frank** is attorney **Frank Soto**, who plans a tough anti-drug, anti-crime campaign. Soto has signed up former Bush campaign strategist **Roger Ailes**. . . . In Connecticut, former GOP state chairman **Tom D'Amore** is raising campaign kitty to persuade former Sen. **Lowell Weicker** to run against Gov. **William O'Neill**. A *Hartford Courant* poll says 70 per cent of Connecticut residents don't think O'Neill is doing a good job, only 26 per cent approve. Also in race for governor, Republican Rep. **John Rowlands**, whose first act of political season was to renounce his former firm pro-life position. . . . As has Ohio State Attorney General **Anthony Celebrezze**, who now favors public funding of abortions for poor women and says that, as governor, he'd veto any law restricting abortions.

■ Failed *glasnost*. Soviet authorities refused **Natan Sharansky** a visa to attend funeral of his friend and fellow dissident **Andrei Sakharov**. . . . Cuba has sentenced human-rights activists **Elizardo Sanches**, **Hiram Abi Cobas**, and **Hubert Jerez** to prison terms of 18 months to two years for "disseminating false news" about the trial and execution of high-ranking military officers in Cuba last August. . . . **Fidel Castro** will not, by the way, be making a state visit to Rumania in January as announced in "On the Record" last issue. . . . Tennis star **Ilie Nastase**, in Bucharest to visit his family Christmas week, reports on the massacre: "I saw people falling down as soldiers and police opened fire. . . . So many have been murdered. They had nothing in their hands and they were fired on with machine guns. . . . I can't come to terms with what I saw."

■ Coming up: Winter session of National Journalism Center starts February 12. Deadline for applications is January 28. Write **M. Stanton Evans**, **Chris Warden**, or **Mal Kline**, 800 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002, or call 202-544-1333. . . . *The American Enterprise* makes its appearance this month, with articles by **Robert Bork**, **Norman Ornstein**, **Herbert Stein**, **Jack Meyer**, and **Murray Fesbach**. The new bi-weekly, published by American Enterprise Institute (1150 17th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036), is edited by **Karlyn Keene**, and will focus on major domestic and international issues from perspective of public-policy makers and political analysts.

■ Prize for most mean-spirited comment on the Reagan Decade goes to *USA Today*'s **Debbie Howlett**: "The Eighties were the years of excess. We staggered through the portals and grabbed as much as we could. We were greedy and gluttonous. As long as we wore starched shirts, we could belch at the dinner table. And Ronald Reagan led us."



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# THE WEEK

■ We predicted weeks ago that an unruly populace would rise up and oust a despised socialist despot and his insufferable wife. We missed only one detail: it happened in Rumania instead of Massachusetts.

■ We rub our eyes at the laments rising from the pages of the *New York Times* and *The New Republic* over what they call the vacuousness, the materialism, the philistinism of the decade that has just passed away. It was a time unusually—unprecedentedly—rich in public life and shared amusements. Any effort to tabulate the topics of common interest would be futile. But for some people, alas, the whole period was poisoned by the ascendancy of Ronald Reagan, the scourge of both liberalism and Communism. Their despair was most perfectly expressed in the final act of Abbie Hoffman, who checked out ahead of schedule last April. Sorry, guys. We wish we could sympathize. But you've already had your fun. Now it's the Poles' and the Czechs' turn. They've been waiting quite a while.

■ For all that it has little reason to be so, there is something incurably optimistic about New York City, and every time they get a new mayor, there are people out there who sound as if the new man had discovered where he could pull a plug and drain the city of crime, corruption, and AIDS. That lasts about a week. David Dinkins is not a charisma-peddler, which is the best thing about him, since he has no solutions and is ideologically hostile to the kind of reforms New York City needs. What the City will miss (mark our word) is the personality of Edward Koch. As a Democrat, he was fated at birth to miss out on some of the central insights into the near-irreversible problems of the most glamorous city in the world, which insights are strictly the property of conservatives. But New Yorkers will need to go to works of fiction to find anyone with his charm, spontaneity, and brightness. Much about New York is sheer hell, but Ed Koch was a jolly devil, and he will not stop, in retirement, giving as good as ever he got from a press highly mobilized to stick it to him.

■ The U.S. Army's employment of a loudspeaker to drive Noriega out of his sanctuary in Panama's Vatican Embassy is welcome official confirmation that pop music constitutes harassment (even discounting the implausible rumor that Noriega is a keen opera buff). Though we like these methods, however, we have considerable doubts about their purpose. It would give us a warm seasonal satisfaction to see Noriega legally arrested, tried, found guilty, and dispatched for an indefinite stay in an uncongenial penitentiary in, say, Alaska. But nabbing even a thug of Noriega's status could not justify violating the principle of diplomatic sanctuary, which has protected such victims of tyranny as Cardinal Mindszenty in Hungary and Fang Lizhi in China. NATIONAL REVIEW has in the past opposed upholding alone rules of international law which everyone else violates; but the U.S. should not violate those rules which even tyrannies accept and which are of use to all. If the Vatican voluntarily hands Noriega over to Panamanian justice, well and good. If not, Noriega must be allowed to stay. Plainsong may eventually accomplish what Madonna failed to do.

■ Police fired on a crowd of protestors in the city of Dzhalilabad in Soviet Azerbaidzhan, killing one and wounding 150, whereupon the crowd ran the police out of town. "The Party, the police, and local government officials now have no power whatsoever," a local journalist declared. Next, Vilnius.

■ The prime minister and parliament of Czechoslovakia have called on all Czech universities to abolish mandatory instruction in Marxist–Leninism. At Prague's Higher School of Economics—the Czech equivalent of the London School of Economics, sort of—they've already closed a whole department devoted to the subject. Meanwhile, at our own universities the professoriate is hard at work doing just the reverse: installing Marx and banishing his crit-

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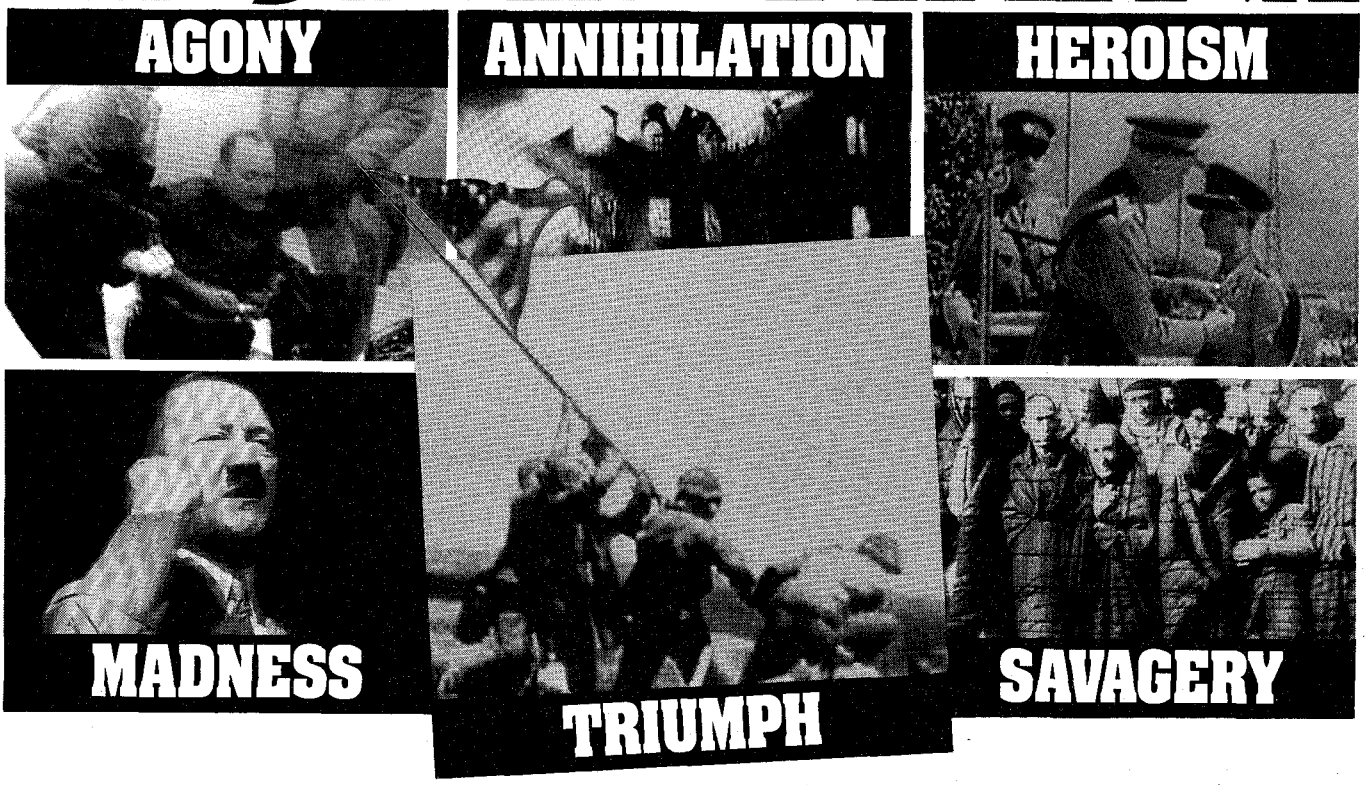
# WORLD WAR II

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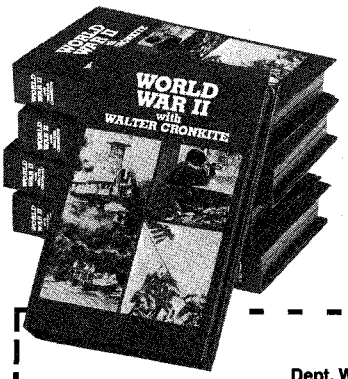


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ics (in the core curriculum at Stanford, for example); helping to create "a Marxist intelligentsia for struggles of the future," as a former Yale professor is quoted as saying by the *New York Post*. In education, at least, Czechoslovakia is pulling ahead of everyone else these days: the Soviets, the Poles, the Hungarians—and us.

■ The compromise which restores Minister of Science Ezer Weizman to the full Israeli cabinet but keeps him out of the loop on foreign policy and peace negotiations is a symbol of the deadlock that now constitutes Israel's politics. The country faces no good choices, and the Labor and Likud parties in the governing coalition accordingly shrink from decisions which reflect that fact. The logical alternatives are a) an intransigent defense of the present borders, and b) a willingness to negotiate a "territory for peace" compromise with Palestinian representatives endorsed by the PLO. But neither Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, who favors the first, nor Finance Minister Shimon Peres, who favors the second, can state his position frankly. Mr. Shamir, who has accepted UN Resolution 242 (which implies a return to Israel's 1967 borders), nonetheless lays down conditions for "talks about talks" which effectively prevent any movement in that direction. Mr. Peres seeks compromise talks—but not with the PLO. Into this deadlock stepped Mr. Weizman, a distinguished air-force officer, a former minister of defense, and a maverick politician who follows his own line whichever party he happens to be in at the time. He advocates talks with the PLO on the grounds that it represents the Palestinians and no one else does. (Indeed, it would be unhealthy to try.) To rule out any role for the PLO, therefore, means no negotiations, which in turn means no settlement based on "territory for peace." This goes further than Israeli voters seem prepared to go as yet. But Mr. Weizman has raised the issue dramatically and survived politically—just. Neither he nor it will go away.

■ Quite apart from the consideration that "Tutu" is an unbecoming name for a man of the cloth, Bishop Desmond Tutu rubs us the wrong way even when he has a point (as he often does). He somehow gives the impression of meddling, even in his own affairs. This year he spent Christmas in Jerusalem, where he denounced Israel's treatment of Palestinians on the West Bank (fair enough), called for an independent Palestinian state (problematic), and urged Jews to forgive the Nazis (whoa!). There must be some sort of distinction between preaching the Gospel, even where it's unwelcome, and dropping in to spoon-feed idealism to the local population.

■ Early last month, Fidel Castro was criticizing Eastern European Communists for "slandering socialism." And that was when Rumanian flags still had centers. What must he think now? More important, what should *we* do now? For ten years, in El Salvador, Nicaragua, Grenada, and now Panama, we have curvetted around the real problem in the Caribbean, which lies in none of those countries, but in Cuba. A Soviet economy stumbling toward *perestroika* must be increasingly incapable of supporting its banana-republic client. When the rubles dry up, Castro will be forced to fall back on Ceausescu-like austerity (on top of the already-existing Ceausescu-like austerity). His regime will become as lame, and as friendless, as it already is repulsive. American economic pressure helped bring him to this well-deserved pass. Let's keep pouring it on.

■ This year the Modern Language Association set up its annual camp in two Washington, D.C., hotels, about ten thousand professors of literature attending. The various meetings and panels gave some idea of what has gone wrong, and the scene in general should have been painted by Breughel. The over-all tone was set by the sensibility of the 1960s, which, defeated in the larger world, has coagulated in the academy. These people are much more interested in politics—really a dream-like cultural politics—than they are in literature, the subject they ostensibly profess. They view literature almost entirely through a set of political lenses, and they have gone far toward imposing their sensibility on the academy generally. Is comedy "essentially conservative"? Is irony a "reactionary force"? Are the great books weapons of a "white male culture"? Was Jane Austen a feminist? A large number of panels dealt with homosexuality, lesbianism, and feminism. "White male" was an epithet. Oh, well. In the not too distant future all of these people will be retiring, and until that happy day the books themselves will live on.

■ Marxism is the opiate of Comparative Literature and English Departments.

■ California becomes the first state to regulate how much fat and cholesterol its students eat, but has

### *The Keating Five*

All did it for love, because money,
They said, makes a solon feel funny,
But when all that slush
Arrived in a rush,
They took it and ran like a bunny.

W. H. VON DREELE



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done nothing to improve what students are forced to ingest in their studies.

■ Sonoma County, California, is instituting drive-through voting.

■ The Vermont BioElectric company is building a plant to convert manure into electricity. If that works, it may be possible at last to find some use for Congress.

■ Rumanians with TV sets got an unexpected Christmas treat when they were shown the remains of Nicolae ("Genius of the Carpathians") and Elena Ceausescu. To see the execution itself, you had to have cable.

## The Triumphant Decade

A DECADE that began with the election of Ronald Reagan and ended with a Soviet offer of aid to tranquilize Rumania after the execution of its Communist tyrant makes the heart glad, reinforcing the faith of those who knew all along that there is light out there, however opaque the darkness. Yes, yes, of course, whenever there is good news, there is the need to remind ourselves that the human predicaments are still with us, and will always be with us. Couéism ("Every day, in every way, things are getting better and better") is the way of life that leads to lying down to sleep while the Hitlers of this world, big and small, mobilize their strength.

Let cliometrics hand down its own judgments. We shall think of this as Reagan's decade. No decade or decades associated with a single successful leader—not Pericles', not Metternich's, not Victoria's—are fairly evaluated by dredging up surviving delinquencies, deeds that needed to be done and were left undone. A catalogue of surviving problems at the end of Reagan's decade—pollution, crime, the disintegration of the family, the growth of the superstate, the Soviets' nuclear inventory—can leave us so preoccupied with what needs to be done that we fail to take into account the progress we have made and to be grateful for it.

But that progress, measured especially in developments abroad, makes this perhaps the most striking decade in human memory, never mind that its promises are not yet completely realized. It is most certainly the decade in which Communism ceased to be a creed, surviving only as a threat. And Ronald Reagan had more to do with this than any other statesman in the postwar world.

Reagan is not Solzhenitsyn, who emerged as the Homer of anti-Communism. After the publication of *Gulag*, French intellectuals unseized by demons could no longer—believe. But *Gulag* notwithstanding, what was beginning to happen, 35 years after the end of the Second World War, was sheer accommodationism. We must not doubt the disposition even of civilized people to adjust to ugly realities. To deny this would be to support unsupportable theses, among them that the German people are a wicked race, as witness their toleration of Hitler. They did not, for the most part, tolerate Hitler, they came to terms, fatalistically, with his special strengths, his diabolical charms.

Beginning in the late 1970s the Democratic Party in the United States lost its sometime disposition to remain adamantly opposed not merely to the expansion of the Communist world, but to its very being. With the death of Senator Henry Jackson, somehow the spiritual steel went out of the great political party. So that when the country turned to a President who a few months into his term pronounced the Soviet Union an "evil empire" the Western firmament shook with indignation. How, just how, could a superpower under the leadership of someone who spoke such conclusive words, reflecting such conclusive judgments, handle the diplomatic challenge of coming to terms with the Soviet Union?

There are those, including the editors of this journal, who believe Mr. Reagan made a profound mistake in concluding a treaty that left Europe without effective nuclear defenses. But his spirit was what truly counted, and in Berlin in the same year that the Communists celebrated the 25th anniversary of the Wall, it was Ronald Reagan who looked up at it and said, "Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall!" In his rhetoric he was unrelenting about the fatal delinquencies of the Soviet system. He made one speech in which he especially infuriated the Kremlin by insisting that its system had a rendezvous with the ash heap of history.

And all the time, reality was creeping in on Eastern Europe. But of course reality has been around for a long while. Even Jean-Paul Sartre could know that there were wounds there, without feeling the need to probe every one of them. But the Solzhenitsyns of this world, who had given us the spiritual fodder necessary to continue to distinguish between the Great Lie and the Great Truths, needed a leader willing to ignite the torch. The fires simmered, and before the decade was out we were choking with elated pleasure over the wonderful paradoxes, of which the possibility of Soviet troops helping Rumania get rid of a Communist government is perhaps the most brilliant. Our own favorite is Radio Martí, an invention of Ronald Reagan bitterly opposed by American appeasers, broadcasting into Cuba digests of *Moscow News*, which had been banned by Fidel Castro as being too bourgeois.

The great heroes of the decade—Walesa, Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov, and so many others—have



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earned their place in freedom's House of Lords; and their leader was Ronald Reagan, who was trained as a movie actor. Only in America, one is tempted to say; except that Lech Walesa was trained as an electrician.

## Just Cause: How Well Did We Do?

Operation Just Cause, the liberation of Panama, tells us much about the strengths and weaknesses of our armed forces. Note that this is the post-Vietnam military. The overwhelming majority of the soldiers involved joined up years after helicopters plucked the last Americans off the embassy rooftop in Saigon. Note too that this is the Reagan military: smart volunteers, amply equipped (although the Army's light tanks were 1960s vintage), confident of popular support at home, and infused with the high morale born of hard, expensive training. Running it all was the command system refashioned by Congress in 1986, which reinforced the power of theater commanders and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, or more narrowly their Chairman (General Colon Powell) and the Joint Staff. How well did they all do?

There was no doubt who would win, of course, but the Army's achievement was still remarkable. The invasion involved simultaneous assaults by forces moving from bases separated by thousands of miles, delicate special operations (some of which will and should remain little-known) to disarm the Panama Defense Forces (PDF) and cut off Manuel Noriega's escape routes. The Army's intention was to minimize civilian casualties in urban fighting. It succeeded: the operation was swift, and casualties—both civilian and among our military—mercifully light. Fewer than one American serviceman lost his life for every ten of his comrades who were wounded—a tribute to the efficiency of the military's medical system and our soldiers' protective gear. General Noriega's men were outmatched, but they had the ability to make more than mischief. Even with small arms and light anti-tank weapons, they could have made a less competently executed invasion a far bloodier affair.

Of course, fully half of the troops that participated in the invasion were already stationed in Panama. American units could—and apparently did—reconnoiter some of their targets immediately before they attacked. Intelligence should have been near-perfect. And, most important of all, American soldiers, who brought with them the freely elected President of Panama, were welcomed as liberators by the most pro-American population in Latin America, which eagerly helped round up the opposition.

There were, however, troubling failures which appear to have their roots in the Pentagon's preference for a military *coup de main*, when elements of a *coup d'état* were called for. A day passed before American forces secured the television and radio stations; we did not think through the delicate politics of installing a government; suppression of looting had a low priority until too late; little effort seemed to have gone into cover and deception; our troops did not immediately secure prominent pockets of potential hostages (the Marriott Hotel, for instance). In the end, Noriega had so little support that these lapses did not much matter, but American strategists should ponder them carefully, for they suggest that our politico-strategic sophistication did not match our operational skill.

As for the command system, it is ironic that despite all the fuss about improving "jointness"—the abilities of our services to work together—Just Cause succeeded in large part because one service ran it. An Army general commanded in Panama, and Army generals (Powell and the JCS director of operations, Lieutenant General Tom Kelly) ran the Washington end. The other services merely provided support. There is a lesson here: artificial jointness (as in Grenada), which consists of giving each service something to do for no particular reason, is military foolishness, and thank goodness we avoided it.

The news from Panama is good. We should be happy to hear it as we honor those who paid with life and limb, and congratulate their comrades on a job well done. But among the professionals one hopes that the victory celebrations will be tempered with an awareness that they met a relatively easy test. "Fortune favors the brave," but if we were good, we were also lucky.

## Our SOB

For years, it seems, we thought of Manuel Noriega as one of our boys. As Franklin Roosevelt said about another Latin American dictator, "He may be an SOB, but at least he's our SOB." How then did matters come to such a pass that we finally felt obliged to knock out one of our own SOBs with mass-paratroop drops, stealth F-117A bombing runs, commando raids, and assaults by columns of mechanized infantry?

Actually, this is the wrong question. The right one is, "Why did we ever think that Manuel Noriega was one of our boys?" We should put that question to those in the Central Intelligence Agency who, apparently, spent years telling us that Noriega was our ally against narcotics traffickers and Castro, when in fact he was a dope-dealing friend of Fidel.

In all probability the short answer is, alas, the



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simplest. We were chumps. So tickled were our intelligence officers at the idea of having a head of state on our payroll, so taken in by the help he undoubtedly gave us, so sure that no one who had trained in our schools, worked under our noses, and chummed it up with our officials would ever diddle us, that they had faith in the man. We use the term "tinhorn dictator" too easily. The Noriegas of this world are pocket Machiavellis whose cunning and duplicity far outmatch those of cleancut American bureaucrats, soldiers, and politicians. Our intelligence operatives showed, in this case, none of the fishy-eyed cynicism that novelists like to attribute to spymasters. Gullibility is an amiable but unworldly trait, and we have paid for it with the lives of the servicemen who had to clean up the mess.

And worse, it appears that we may make the mistake again. In our misplaced anxiety to wind down our intervention fast we have begun reconstructing the Panama Defense Forces with erstwhile Noriega thugs. The *New York Times* of January 2 reported a new provincial military commander after swearing loyalty to the new government, as saying, "This is all very well and good, but when the gringos leave, I will remain behind, and then we'll see what happens." American troops hastily removed him, but the nagging thought occurs that many of these PDF veterans may no longer be Noriega's thugs, but thugs many of them do remain, solemn oaths and earnest lectures by U.S. Army civil-affairs officers notwithstanding. If the price of rebuilding a constabulary—Panama does not need an army—is more careful recruitment and supervision covered by a longer American stay in Panama, it's a price worth paying.

## Scowcroft and Fang Lizhi

NATIONAL REVIEW endorses editorially the "osculation reservation" set forth in "On the Right" (see page 62).

Officials from the nations of the free world demean themselves, and us, by fawning in an oleaginous fashion before foreign murderers and despots. Even if *Realpolitik* enjoined a resumption of governmental communications with China, the spirit of a republic does entail a decent republican restraint. In that sense, the Scowcroft–Eagleburger mission to Peking was a stylistic catastrophe. An American should toast the butchers of Tiananmen Square with about as much enthusiasm as he would toast Hermann Goering.

It also must be said that even from the perspective of *Realpolitik* there are serious questions to raise about all of this. Who will be running China five years from now is not at all clear. Assuredly it will not be Deng, who will probably die before he meets the fate of Ceausescu. Deng and his regime are the atavistic ghosts of Communism Past. Even *Realpolitik* would wisely have sent a correct signal to the coming generation of economists, scientists, engineers, and technocrats who as students so eloquently admired American ideals only a few months ago. Nor should it escape notice that key Peking units of the People's Liberation Army refused to fire on the students.

One good result of the Scowcroft–Eagleburger mission may well be the release of Fang Lizhi and his wife, who took refuge in the U.S. embassy. The astrophysicist and human-rights crusader is the Chinese Sakharov. As we go to press, their release is not certain. But if they do leave the People's Republic, perhaps they could remain in China by going to the Republic of China on Taiwan, the only Chinese province that is now part of the modern world.

## AIDS: Here, There— And Everywhere?

FOR ALL the hoopla over the first report of the National Commission on AIDS (the front page of the *New York Times*; co-lead on the ABC nightly news), one would never know it was actually just a seven-page letter, and that it provided only conclusions with no substantiation. A few specifics, and a few facts:

1. ". . . the epidemic is reaching crisis proportions among women." In fact, women continue to account for 9 per cent of the victims. The number of new cases of AIDS reported among women has dropped dramatically in the past 12 months. Recent testing of over 16,000 college students for the AIDS virus found 28 men infected and just two women.

2. The Commission expressed its "surprise and disappointment that the White House National Drug Control Strategy mentions AIDS only four times in its ninety pages. . . ." A fair criticism, perhaps, but we are disappointed (albeit not surprised) that the NCA only mentioned homosexuals twice.

3. The report says AIDS is driving the health-care system into crisis. In fact, AIDS currently absorbs less than 1 per cent of the national budget for patient expenditures (but—lest we forget—we are spending more on AIDS than on cancer research, even though cancer will kill almost twenty times more people this year). In New York there is a crisis, but relief is on the way: although the NCA and the media forgot to tell you, New York is reporting fewer cases this year than last.

Across the Atlantic, at least, they're beginning to catch on. In mid-November, the Irish peer Lord



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Kilbracken, a member of Britain's House of Lords, forced the government to reveal that of 2,372 confirmed cases of AIDS, only one of the victims appears to have caught the virus through, as the British put it, "normal sex." The Health Education Authority declared that it would nonetheless proceed with its latest planned terror campaign aimed at heterosexuals, while infuriated homosexual activists took to the streets to protest Kilbracken's audacity. But Fleet Street, grown increasingly tired of the state-sponsored terror, greeted the news with such headlines as: "The truth about AIDS."

And how did the American media treat this news? For the most part it was ignored, although ABC news (yes, them again) showed a clip of the homosexuals picketing without saying why they were picketing and editorialized that AIDS was spreading among the heterosexual population in Great Britain.

Which brings up the NCA's complaint that "There is a dangerous . . . complacency in our country toward" the epidemic. No one is ignoring AIDS. It's real. It's terrible. But most Americans are becoming sick and tired of cries of wolf about an epidemic that will explode into the ranks of middle-class heterosexualdom and sweep away half the world's population. In the long run, reports like the NCA's can only further a truly dangerous complacency.

In a few weeks Michael Fumento's *The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS* will be out. Better find your ear plugs.

## By the Dawn's Early Light

In 1980 the television producer Norman Lear launched People for the American Way in order to do battle with those fundamentalists who he thought were trying to scale the "wall of separation" between church and state. PAW now has some 270,000 members and is one of the more formidable enforcers of the orthodoxies of the Left. Whether the cause is promoting abortion "rights," protecting the Constitution against the threat of Robert Bork on the Supreme Court, or making sure that schoolchildren don't sneak in a prayer during a moment of silence, PAW can be counted on to do its duty—and all in the name of the revisionist patriotism called "the American Way."

But now it's beginning to dawn on Mr. Lear that some of this agenda may have been carried too far. Addressing the American Academy of Religion meeting in Anaheim, California, at the end of November, Lear bemoaned "the spiritual emptiness in our culture" and suggested it may have something to do with the exclusion of religion from the classroom. In the dawning light, he was able to go so far as to give credit to "the rank and file of the religious Right for helping to focus a spotlight on the spiritual yearnings of our people." While proclaiming himself a civil libertarian, he criticized some members of that denomination for being "so fastidious that they would purge any reference to God or religion from the public schools." "Among secularists," he observed, "the aversion toward discussing moral values, let alone religion, can reach absurd extremes."

In voicing such unwonted criticisms, Mr. Lear took care not to sully his leftist credentials. He indulged some conventional bashing of televangelists who "exploited" spiritual hungers, reiterated his opposition to prayer in schools, derided the idea that creationism should be given equal time with evolution, and focused attention on environmental problems that require "a fresh examination of what we regard as sacred in the universe." Although turned to conventional liberal purposes, Mr. Lear's acknowledgment that a humane society is not sustainable apart from a religious grounding is nonetheless welcome.

Not everyone welcomed it, however. The American Academy of Religion tends to be rather skittish about religion—at least about the kind of religion that deals with truths that might, heaven forbid, be "imposed" on anyone. For instance, the president of the academy, Robert Wilken of the University of Virginia, caused eyebrows to rise when in his address at Anaheim he urged scholars to speak not only *about* religious traditions but *for* religious traditions. Those who confuse objectivity with mindless relativism protested that scholarship must be protected from "sectarianism." As though Wilken's counsel on teaching at the more ethereal elevations of academe was not outrageous enough, here was Norman Lear, of all people, suggesting that religion be presented sympathetically to impressionable young minds in grade school. Where would it all end?

With the waxing of the dawn's early light, it could end in policies favoring the free exercise of religion, including in education. It could end in "schools of choice," with tax credits or vouchers so that parents would no longer be financially penalized for choosing for their children an education that might remedy "the spiritual emptiness in our culture." That is

### *Mr. Bush's Juices*

Noriega makes them flow
Like Vesuvius, although
Curiously, when the Reds
In Tiananmen crack heads,
His systaltic stays as low
As a tuba's tremolo.

W. H. VON DREELE



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probably not the end that Mr. Lear and PAW have in mind, but it is the prospect illumined by the rays shed at Anaheim. If the thoughts now dawning were to lead PAW and similar organizations to comprehend that civil liberties include the free exercise of religion, it just could be that it really is, as someone said, morning in America.

## The Court as Interior Decorator

When Robert Bork has been re-nominated to the Supreme Court and White House strategists prepare to transform rarefied debates about jurisprudence into arguments comprehensible to the electorate, they might start with the case of *Jenkins* v. *Missouri*, a matter currently before the High Court. As well as any important case in recent memory, *Jenkins* reminds us that there is a still-potent sector of the federal judiciary that has lost sight of any conceivable constitutional or prudential constraints.

*Jenkins* is a 1970s-style school-desegregation case of a sort one doesn't see much any more only because "white flight" caused by earlier federal court orders has removed almost all of a white school-age population in urban America with which growing black majorities could integrate. What distinguishes *Jenkins* is simply the degree of judicial arrogance exercised by one federal judge.

In this case, U.S. District Judge Russell Clark concluded that Kansas City's response to his desegregation order (based less upon evidence of official discrimination than upon the failure of racial groups to align themselves in neighborhoods in checkerboard patterns) was inadequate, involving the expenditure of a mere $61 million. He therefore ordered the city to adopt a far more involved scheme aimed at completely restructuring the local school system.

Included was a capital-improvements budget for each of the six dozen schools in the district, prescribing construction standards for such items as Olympic-sized swimming pools, wildlife parks, gymnasiums, and "learning and resource" centers. Curriculum policies were also specified on such matters as summer-school programs, after-hours tutoring, full-day kindergartens, early-childhood education programs, and class size.

So far, this is standard-issue Arthur Garrity/Frank Johnson judicial imperialism. But Judge Clark went still further. Apparently taking it as a personal insult that Kansas City proposed in remodeling its schools "to replace only those tiles which are loose or damaged, with a new tile of similar color or style," and to repair "only the sections of carpeting which are worn or torn," His Honor concluded that such a "patch and repair" approach would not achieve "the visual attractiveness sought by [this] Court." Such an approach, he determined, would result in floor coverings "with unsightly sections of mismatched carpeting and tile and invidual walls possessing different shades of paint." A flagrant violation of James Madison's Constitution.

After further fiddling with issues of school lighting, peeling plaster, restroom odors, "acoustically" noisy classrooms, parking facilities, cafeteria ambiance, and locker facilities, the judge found himself in a bind—perhaps the same one that had deterred school-board and city-council members from fully satisfying their own aesthetic sensibilities in the classroom: a shortage of the people's dollars.

However, it is one thing to be a mere democratic representative and another to be a potentate of the bench. Judge Clark merely ordered the city to increase its property-tax rate by 91 per cent and the state of Missouri to increase its income-tax rate by 25 per cent. Far more efficient than to have to persuade a majority of a legislative body, much less a majority of the people themselves.

Subsequently, a federal appeals panel (Judges Heaney, Lay, and Gibson), apparently viewing itself as a responsible, moderating influence, chose not to act as a state legislature and struck down the income-tax hike, preferring to limit itself to the roles of school board and city council by upholding the property-tax increase and the balance of Judge Clark's requirements.

And so we all now depend, ironically, on another court—the Supreme Court—to deliver us from judicial tyranny.

## Billy Martin, R I P

To many of the generation of baseball fans who watched the game move from its long era of semi-voluntary servitude into free agency, there was something refreshing about Billy Martin's determination to remain a Yankee. Twenty years after he was banished from his beloved team for a brawl which (hard as it may be to believe) he did nothing to start, he was given another chance to don Yankee pinstripes, this time as manager. And another chance, and another, and another, and another, as George Stand-by-Your-Man Steinbrenner's hiring and firing practices became legendary.

In turn, Martin's off-the-field escapades became, with each trip through the Steinbrenner mill, more and more pathetic (the sportswriter Dick Young once said, "It's not that Billy drinks a lot. Its just that he fights a lot when he drinks a little"), and it was easy to forget the ballplayer he had been, of



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*"This just in! . . . No, hold it. . . .* This *just in! . . . Forget that. . . .* This *just in!"*

fair-to-middling natural talent, but able to flog himself into tremendous performances in the World Series, outhitting by far his hero, Joe DiMaggio, and his best buddy, Mickey Mantle. While the obituaries have scarcely been *nil nisi bonum*, at least his death has brought back those memories. May he rest finally, and uncharacteristically, in peace.

## Samuel Beckett, R I P

A PURVEYOR of gloom he was not: no, companionable and of unfailing good cheer. His zest at the billiard table one night was something to watch. His opponent was the British publisher John Calder; the place, Calder's London club. Like Sam's prose, billiards is a game of angles and economies. And he stalked, appraised, sighted along the cue, exploded in glee when balls vanished as per calculation. After 25 years, I seem to remember him winning.

Then—typically—his scrupulousness overcame him. For I had had nothing to do but sit and watch! He was conscience-stricken. He must make amends. And that he did by setting up trick shots, placing the cue ball, directing me to strike it squarely. As I managed to do, whereupon three balls or four would explode from the array and vanish simultaneously into pockets. "A natural!" he'd cry. "A natural!" That was like him, that he wanted me to have some salvage from the evening, not crediting my deep satisfaction in simply watching Sam Beckett exercise an arcane skill.

I'm told his chess was good too; so good I never ventured to propose a game. In the Twenties he played cricket for Trinity College, Dublin, and is probably the sole Nobel Laureate you'll find mentioned in *Wisden's*, the cricketers' bible. And he once spoke of how, as a youth, he had explored France on a motorbike.

And somehow, in the second half of his life, he found time to retrieve Western drama from the folly of the "well-made play": to restore something Athenians might have understood: a depiction of humans doing what they can, encompassed by the inscrutable, the implacable. "We are waiting for Godot to come, or for night to fall." And what our business with Godot may be we'll not know unless he comes. It instantly got called "Theater of the Absurd," so deep reaches the disease of well-made categories.

Directors, fans of the well-made, went up the wall. It was empty. It needed gimmickry. (The first U.S. gimmick was to cast Bert Lahr.) No. What you do is leave the hollow spaces hollow. (Would you putty up the gaps in Henry Moore?) Yet I've seen productions that had Didi playing hopscotch, or fooling with cat's-cradles of string. *Anything* to relieve the tedium. But the tedium is part of the theme. No one, before Sam, ever saw how to put into art the quantity of our experience that's consumed by nothing in particular.

His greatest play, though—he once concurred in this estimate—is *Endgame*, named for the chess situation when nearly every piece is gone from the board. The Nuclear End? Possibly. We are in a "shelter." We are also in a play with clear connections to the Synge of *The Well of the Saints*: from the two old blind folk in this play, Beckett early learned how much a playwright can do with impairment and nearly no movement. "Who else but John Millington Synge?" was his response to a question about precursors.

And Yeats? Yeats, who set the example of envisaging one's own death? "Now will I make my soul . . ." Our last time together, Sam recited that to the end, clear to "A bird's sleepy cry / Among the deepening shades." His own last work, "Stirring Still," confronts his own impending death. No English prose is more exquisite, more fraught with overtones. He'd just finished, last August, making a French translation. And what will that do with "Stirring"? What with "Still"? —H. KENNER

*Notes & Asides is on vacation this issue only.*



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# The Secret of Cranston's Success

SUSAN MANDEL

"I BELIEVE TOM'S memory played tricks with him."—Senator Alan Cranston (D., Calif.) denying Tom Braden's charge that in Cranston's (unsuccesful) first Senate campaign in 1964, he showed photographs to the press of his married opponent in a hotel room with another woman.

Ed Zschau is "conducting a campaign of lies."—Explaining in 1986 why he refused to debate his Republican opponent.

"I think that he either fabricated or misunderstood what occurred in that room."—Refuting former chief S&L regulator Edwin Gray's charge that he and four other senators pressured him to back off Lincoln Savings and Loan.

Just a selection of quotes from the Senate Majority Whip and self-appointed parson, Alan Cranston, the same man who once told us that the Reagan Administration was lacking in "religious, moral, and ethical values." But those familiar with the senior senator from California say that he himself has been testing the outer limits of ethical behavior for some time—and that his more recent dealings with Charles Keating may have taken him into uncharted legal territory as well.

Mr. Keating, of course, is the owner of Lincoln Savings and Loan, whose $2.5-billion taxpayer-financed collapse is the single most expensive bailout in history; not even former Speaker Wright was that generous to his S&L buddies. Until now Mr. Keating was probably best known for managing John Connally's presidential bid in 1980, but inside the Beltway all the talk is about his questionable contributions to a number of politicians, including five prominent U.S. senators. Senator Cranston is the focus of the scandal, because he received the most generous share of the $1.36-million Mr. Keating handed out to Congress: over $900,000, most of which went to voter-registration campaigns aimed at finding new Democrats to help send Mr. Cranston back to Washington every six years. The senator credited get-out-the-vote drives for his last close win in 1986.

What also makes Senator Cranston stand out is his chutzpah. Of the five senators involved, only he continued to take Mr. Keating's money after warnings from federal regulators that they suspected Lincoln Savings of engaging in criminal activity. Indeed, Senator Cranston and Senator Dennis DeConcini (D., Ariz.) continued to lobby to save Lincoln, pushing for a sale that would have kept the thrift under Keating family control, right up until the day regulators closed it down. This, of course, was two years and a billion dollars after regulators had initially made the recommendation.

Consequently the Keating affair has spawned a slew of investigations and lawsuits. Uncle Sam is suing Mr. Keating for $1.1 billion for sham transactions, self-dealing, and stock manipulation. Also suing are some 22,000 investors who lost $200 million on Lincoln's now worthless bonds. On top of this, Senator Cranston, the scourge of Reagan "sleaze," is now the subject of IRS and FBI investigations, not to mention a Senate ethics committee review by an independent counsel.

None of this, however, gets at the real question: why would one of the Senate's most left-wing members go so far out on the limb for, of all things, a bank? The answer helps explain why the Left maintains its hold on Congress: it throws its rhetoric out the window when it comes to dealing with business in its own backyard. "He carries water for them regularly," says Representative David Dreier (R., Calif.). By the same token, although he ran for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1984 calling for a nuclear freeze, the senator is a staunch supporter of the (California-made) B-1 bomber.

This same liberality in trading in convictions for campaign cash is what got him into bed with Mr. Keating. California happens to be home to the nation's largest thrifts, and as the trade publication *U.S. Banker* has pointed out, "no group has had a better friend in Cranston than the savings-and-loan industry." The precise terms of this friendship are what the FBI, the IRS, and the Senate ethics committee are trying to determine.

If Senator Cranston is found guilty of misconduct, it won't be his first fund-raising offense. In June the Federal Election Commission fined him $50,000 for violations in his 1984 presidential campaign—the third highest penalty ever paid by a federal candidate. A Cranston contributor, Mark Ross Weinberg, was fined $17,000 on a related charge. Mr. Weinberg was a Los Angeles investor whose client list included politicians and mob figures—until investors sued for fraud and his trading licenses were revoked.

Calling to mind the story about the child who killed his parents and then asked for clemency on the grounds he was an orphan, the senator now claims that the same regulator whose efforts he fought these past two years were not tough enough on Lincoln. Cranston-watchers, however, find the 180-degree about-face no surprise. Election years often put him in a more conservative mood (unless he's running for President), prompting him to favor tax cuts, a balanced-budget amendment, defense spending, and stricter laws on drugs, terrorism, and crime. Generally speaking, the senator manages to stay on these wagons until the election results are in, after which time he supports policies that ensure that all these things will still be problems the next time he's up for re-election.

BUT SIGNS ARE that Mr. Keating has become Mr. Cranston's own little Waterloo, and the people who have made him one of the longest-serving senators (four terms) in California history are running out of patience. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, even traditional Cranston constituents—liberals, the elderly, union members, and the poor—are now abandoning him. Perhaps they feel, as the senator himself once suggested, that it's finally time to "drive the indifferent from the temples of power." □



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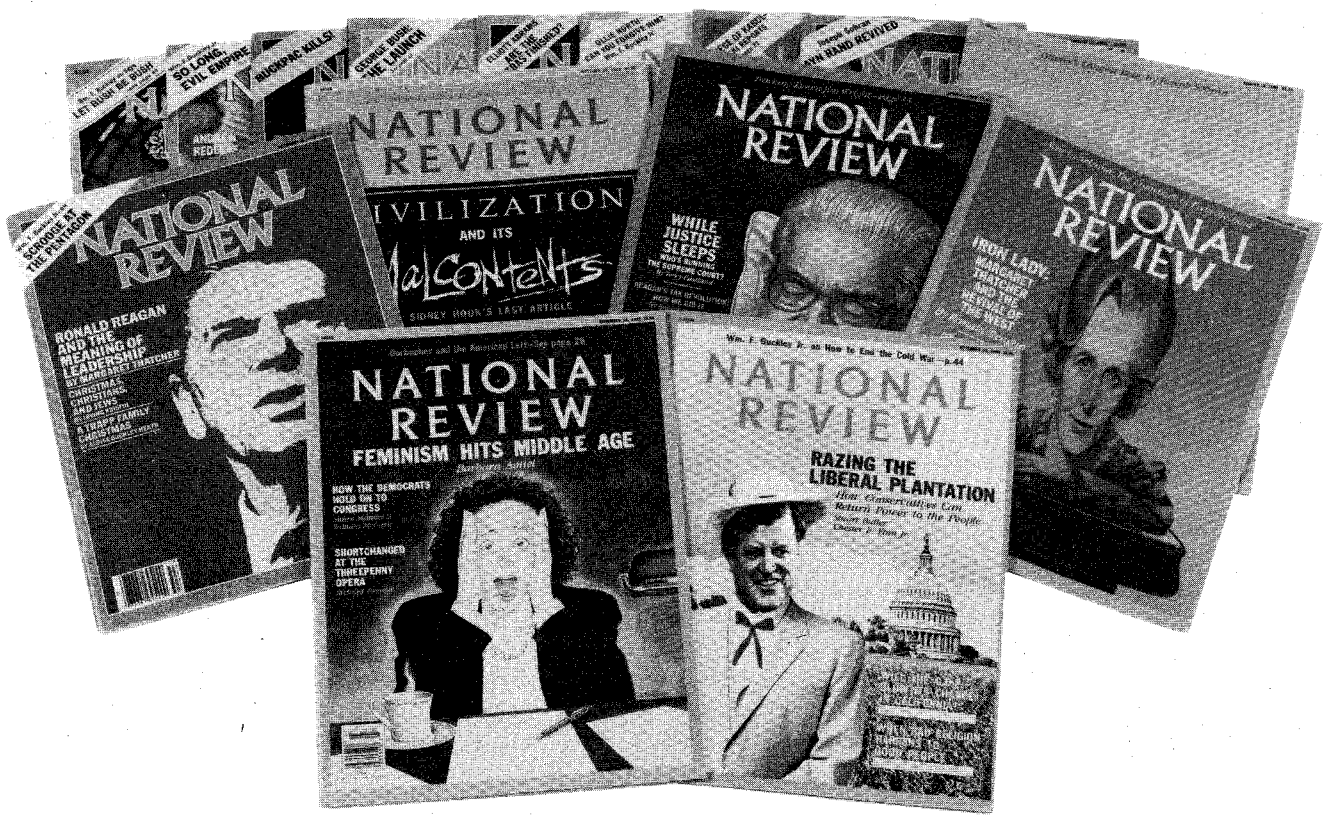


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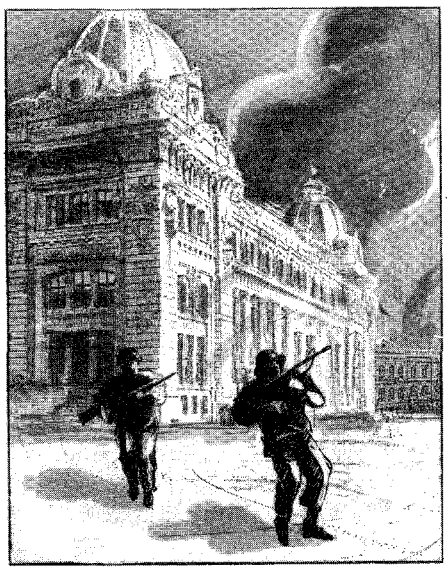
## SPECIAL REPORT

*As the Communist grip on Central and Eastern Europe has weakened, the various churches have, one by one, emerged into the sunlight after their long stay underground. The first stage of the voyage toward freedom reached a climax this Christmas, with formerly banned churches—as in the Baltic nations—celebrating the holiday openly for the first time in nearly fifty years, and ones that have been permitted to operate—as in Poland—celebrating more hopefully than at any time in recent memory. The grimmest celebration, to be sure, was the one witnessed by all the world: Rumania's, which was marked by what one observer called the death of the "Antichrist."*

*Our correspondents report on the celebrations, and on the preparations for the next stage of the battle.*

# Christmas Day in Rumania

RADEK SIKORSKI



Jennifer Lawson

TIMISOARA—With its parks and its natural springs gushing from the fountains in a charming Austro-Hungarian square, Timisoara in western Rumania was a minor Ruritanian tourist attraction, best known as the first town in the world to have horse-drawn trams, and the first in Europe to install electric street lights. It would have been happier had it remained in quiet obscurity.

After ten days of fighting, things seemed to be calming down on Christmas Day. Young men with Rumanian tricolor armbands, army belts, and makeshift weapons still stood on every corner checking papers. Streets in the city center were full of litter; shattered shop windows were blocked with boards or wooden cases; many buildings were blackened with soot. Churches were still closed, and the danger from armed *securitate* forces was still great. Thousands of candles burned in front of the Orthodox cathedral on the spot where several civilians had fallen to *securitate* bullets. But life seemed to be getting back to normal: trams were already functioning, people lined up for newspapers and bread, and cleaners were sweeping the sidewalks.

I arrived in a Hungarian Red Cross truck carrying hundreds of loaves of bread and thousands of plastic packets of milk. Several trucks and civilian cars formed a convoy at the Hungarian–Rumanian border. One van had French license plates. Two couples had planned to spend Christmas together. But instead of celebrating at home they loaded up at a local supermarket and drove to Rumania (where they paid $50 for a visa at the frontier).

It wasn't safe to travel alone. Only the previous day a truck on the same route had its windshield smashed by a *securitate* sniper. In every village we were stopped by armed checkpoints but after a few words of explanation the guards waved us through with signs of joy and gratitude.

Timisoara's main hotel, the Continental, sported a Christmas tree in the car park and, above the entrance, a huge photograph of Ceausescu, with prison bars added by hand. I came to the reception counter. "Any rooms?" "Yes, plenty." At that moment there was a burst of gunfire outside and the crowd in the hall dispersed in panic. I run out; trams zoom past, people dash for doorways, tires screech and drivers run for cover. Glass shatters as bullets hit the hotel windows. Where are the shots coming from? Soldiers from a nearby barracks run across the road and hide behind trees, lamp posts, and trash bins. Forward, from one doorway to another. Two hundred yards ahead—a square with an abandoned van. A bullet hole in the windshield, keys in the ignition, the radio playing (carols, actually). No sign of the driver—probably he escaped in time.

A few armed civilians take cover in the doorway of a large house. "Come, come, we'll show you"—they motion me upstairs. They are the personnel of the military prosecutor's office defending their workplace. In a large, dark office, a soldier takes aim with a Dragunov sniper rifle. He pulls the trigger; my eardrums almost burst. Did he score? I edge forward and look over the window sill. A hundred yards in front of us runs a railway on a ridge, and beyond it is an industrial expanse of factories and railway branches. But where is the enemy?

I leave the house, run across the street, and follow two soldiers with a crate of ammunition. We get to the railway ridge, where about thirty soldiers are shooting into the factory. A fat major holding a machine gun takes charge. "Hold your fire," he shouts in Rumanian, raising his hand. Silence. Now we can hear the sparse flutter of incoming fire, perhaps two bullets a minute. There cannot be more than a few of the *securi-*



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*tate*. The soldiers reload and fire in concert: a short burst from thirty machine guns at once sounds much more impressive than individual fire. A new command is passed down the line. While two platoons shoot, a third goes over the top. Then another. I tag along with the last.

We must have fired several hundred bullets although nobody has seen the enemy. Soldiers shoot to reassure themselves. In their World War II–style uniforms, with thirty-year-old Kalishnikovs and old-fashioned helmets, amid this industrial wasteland, they remind me of old newsreels of the Red Army's assaults on Berlin. This is in fact a "factory of houses," where Ceausescu's favorite "agro-industrial complexes" were built—concrete collectivist hovels—which were meant to replace Rumania's traditional villages. Very fitting that his last supporters should be defending themselves here.

Platoons separate to search and destroy. Suddenly a white flag on a pole rises above a pile of concrete slabs. *Securitate* giving up? No, thirty employees run across the temporary no-man's-land and tell the soldiers where "the terrorists" are: one in a small shed, another in the cabin of one of the cranes. Both locations get splashed with a hail of bullets. It's impossible to say whether we killed anybody, and somehow none of the soldiers volunteers to climb up and check. Shots keep coming. Soldiers throw a hand grenade and storm into a factory. It is empty. A large poster on the wall proclaiming the imposition of martial law bears a name at the bottom: President of the Rumanian Socialist Republic—Nicolae Ceausescu. A soldier takes his bayonet and scratches it out.

The operation at the factory ended with the capture of a man: unshaven, in drab clothes, frightened out of his wits, a typical Rumanian peasant. The soldiers suspected him of being a *securitate* sniper, but a search of the shed revealed no weapon. The *securitate* men had the reputation of being able to take on any disguise. Most Rumanians I spoke to were convinced that soldiers who shot at them in the early days of the uprising were really *securitate* men in army getup. This is a convenient myth now that the army is the nation's savior.

Only the next day did I see a real


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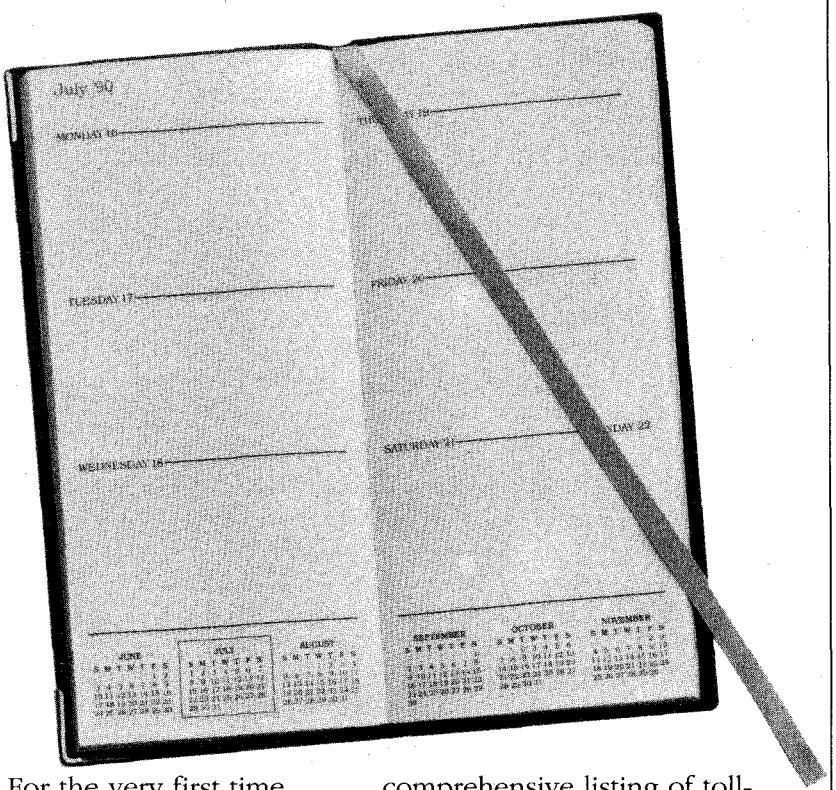

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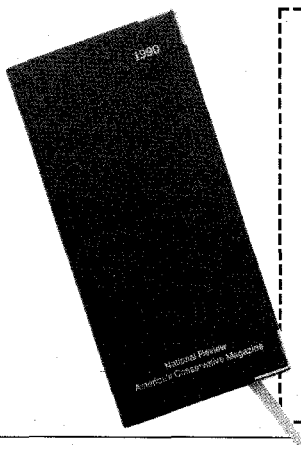


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*securitate* man. Called Dominic Paraschiv, he was a hairy, powerful man in his fifties, a chemical engineer who was known as a quiet, nice fellow. Only he spent many weekends away from home, supposedly on business trips. He was captured red-handed on Christmas Eve after he had shot several people and only after he himself got hit in the leg and liver. When he came to, the nurse on duty told me, he said he was sorry—sorry he didn't kill more people. Now, pale and unshaven, mumbling incoherently, he was tied to the bed, looking like a trapped wolf. What training does it take to turn a man into such a beast?

The shooting from the factory was one of the last acts of resistance by the *securitate*. A few hours later a TV announcer, his face beaming, said, "Good news this Christmas Day. The Antichrist is dead." The staff of the Bucharest TV station apologized for not being able to show the tape of Ceausescu's execution, but there were some pockets of resistance on the way and the historic recording could not be risked. It transpired that when Ceausescu was tried and condemned to death an entire army unit volunteered for the firing squad; only three men drew the lucky lots. The man who had called himself "the fairest fir tree of the Carpathians," and who had declared only a few weeks previously that sooner would apple trees bear pears than socialism be endangered in Rumania, was now dead.

I made my pilgrimage to the place where it had all begun 11 days before, the house of a Protestant pastor whose parishioners were willing to die rather than let him be arrested by the *securitate*. "Laszlo Tokesz, we are waiting for you," someone scrawled in white paint on the brick wall. The name of the priest, a Hungarian name, gives part of the reason why the trouble began here in Timisoara. Besides Hungarians there are German, Yugoslav, and Jewish minorities in this town. Very few Rumanians have been allowed out of the country since World War II, but Timisoarans have watched Yugoslav and Hungarian television for years.

Keeping in touch with families abroad, the remaining ones knew only too well how much the official propaganda lied. This plus the tradition of civilized Habsburg rule in this part of Rumania helps to explain why Timisoara became the flashpoint. But why did all of Rumania follow Timisoara's lead? "Look," said my Rumanian guide, a shabby, friendly, talkative man of 42. "This was my plan for escaping to Hungary"—he unfolded a tiny, easily digestible piece of paper with a sketch of a border region. "My salary is 3,200 lei per month, but we were taxed 250 lei per month for not having childrens. My wife and I no like making childrens for Ceausescu. This coat is 2,000 lei—you can only buy them on the black market. A kilo of coffee is 1,500 lei. I haven't seen a banana for ten years." In a country where television, heating, and electricity were rationed to two hours a day, reasons for discontent are easy to point out.

But you have to go to Bucharest to appreciate the depths of Ceausescu's depravity. The Avenue of the Victory of Socialism has been built on the ruins of Bucharest's medieval quarter. At the apex of the avenue rises one of this century's prime monuments to megalomania and cruelty. What was to become Ceausescu's presidential palace is set off from the public space by a stern fence which takes over half an hour to walk around. The palace itself expresses perfectly the character of its sponsor. It is as if someone had read *1984*, liked it, and had a fantasy of reproducing the Ministry of Love. One thing is certain. If, in another few months, Ceausescu had moved in, he would never have been dislodged by people power. He would never have had to flee ignominiously by helicopter from the roof. No crowd would have dared to challenge him from *that* square, in front of *that* fortress. In what was no doubt the intended effect, standing before Ceausescu's palace one feels powerless as if before the temple of an evil god.

RUMANIANS paid dearly for their courage. In Timisoara alone I saw a graveyard with twenty corpses, some tortured, their hands and legs bound with wire. The local citizens' committee published a list of one hundred dead. This tallies with estimates by doctors I interviewed at Timisoara's main hospital. When a proper count is made, perhaps the casualty figure will have to be doubled or even trebled. A few hundred died in Bucharest. I would estimate, therefore, that it took the lives of about one thousand people to topple Ceausescu. That is a lot of innocent blood but a far cry from the Western estimates of 12,000 dead in Timisoara and seventy thousand in all of Rumania. As usual in revolutions rumor had a field day.

How will Ceausescu's 24-year rule be remembered a few decades hence? Will some academic Marxist argue that, with all his faults, he nevertheless left Rumania non-aligned and debtless, with plenty of low-income housing (to match the low incomes) and a brand-new subway in Bucharest? It seems unlikely. But Ceausescu does have two paradoxical achievements: a Communist Party so discredited that it will probably disappear altogether, and a people who are proud of having regained their freedom by their own efforts. □

# Christmas Eve in Poland

RADEK SIKORSKI

WARSAW—When I was a child, Christmas Eve had an eternal, unchanging quality. My mother cooked carp for the traditional meatless supper. One was supposed to eat 12 other courses, but by the time of my childhood—the Sixties—this was only a memory. I did, however, always set an extra place at the table, for a guest who always came late: only at the age of ten or 11 did I begin to wonder why the appearance of St. Nicholas was preceded by the disappearance of my grandfather. He would say he was going to fetch a paper, even though newsstands were closed at that time of night. When I grew older I joined everybody at midnight Mass, and it was solemnly explained to me why in such times the last words of the traditional hymn were changed to "Bring us back, O God, our free fatherland."

This year, at five thousand zloties per kilo, many families could hardly afford the traditional fish. The mood



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was somber. Everybody's thoughts were with Rumania where the *securitate* gangs were still running amuck. Memories of previous tragic Decembers lingered: of 1970, when workers were shot in front of Lenin Shipyard in Gdansk; of 1981, when General Jaruzelski crushed the Solidarity revolution; of 1979, when Soviet tanks invaded Afghanistan.

The coming year promises Poles more hardship: inflation is predicted to continue at 40 per cent per month, living standards to decline by a quarter; millions might lose their jobs. Yet, looking over the past decade, my family and friends were proud of what has been achieved. At midnight Mass for the first time in half a century the faithful sang a different version of the ancient hymn: "Our free fatherland protect, O God." □

# Speaking Up at Last

BENNETT OWEN

Jennifer Lawson

EAST BERLIN—It first appears as a pulsating blob of blue light, somewhere far down the dark, deserted road we are traveling on in the south side of town. As we get closer, the drone of sirens reaches us, and we finally realize that what we are seeing is a literal caravan of ambulances. We count twenty of them as they speed past us. Our taxi driver soon gets the story from his two-way radio—victims of the power struggle in Rumania have been flown into East Berlin and are being rushed to hospitals here. "*Blutbad*," he whispers. East Berlin on Christmas Eve.

It is unseasonably warm, and a great grey ceiling of clouds drops a silent mist as the family and its American guest follow the quiet side streets from the apartment to a nearby church. It is supposed to be a children's service, but the pastor speaks of urgent matters. He pleads for donations of blood and money to help the victims of the Rumanian massacre. "The joy of our new freedom is sadly overshadowed by events in Rumania," he laments. Almost as an afterthought he adds, "Jesus' birth brought holiness to an unholy world." The mood is somber, indeed.

But the true spirit of the season awaits us back at the apartment, and the clinking of glasses in the first toast of the evening signals the start of an old-fashioned Christmas celebration. The tree is simply and beautifully bedecked with red ribbons and candles, and the scent of pine and burning wax mixes with the smell of roasting duck. Underneath the tree lies the most important thing of all, "the package." It's a big box of goodies sent every year by relatives in Hamburg. On past Christmases, "the package" seemed like a treasure chest filled with unimaginable delights from the West. This year, the parents have already been toy shopping in West Berlin, but, still, opening "the package" remains the event of the evening.

Soon, it is coffee time, with schnaps, sherry, beer, cognac, and, yes, even coffee, consumed in staggering quantities. The hosts keep offering more, and it is impolite to say no. By now, topics of conversation are changing with dizzying speed, but all have to do with the latest developments in Eastern Europe. Thoughts again turn toward Rumania, and how East Germany's "quiet revolution" barely escaped the same kind of crackdown. The theory is that it should have come on October 9, as some seventy thousand people demonstrated in Leipzig. Rumors were rampant that night that the army was on alert, but the protestors' rallying cry was: "Let them shoot, we still march."

The upcoming elections are a sore point. "Democracy sounds fine," says Grandpa. "But wait for some inflation and unemployment and the protestors will hit the streets of Leipzig with a different slogan."

"Maybe it is better if we vote the Communists back in," someone reasons. "At least they're experienced."

The reply is angry. "Yeah, and what then, another thirty-year social experiment?"

That exchange brings up a joke about a lady who walked into the local Party headquarters and asked, "Who created socialism, the scientists or the workers?"

The Party boss answered, "The workers, of course."

"Oh, that makes sense," said the woman. "If it were scientists they would have tried it out on rats first."

"The Beast is feeding on its own offspring," someone says, noting that the former minister of security, Erich Mielke, is now in a cell inside a jail he personally had built to house political prisoners. He has been charged with crimes against the state.

And Grandpa provides yet another piece of political humor—the six miracles of socialism:

—There is no unemployment, but no one works.

—No one works, but everyone gets paid.

—Everyone gets paid, but there's nothing to buy with the money.

—No one can buy anything, but everyone owns everything.

—Everyone owns everything, but no one is satisfied.

—No one is satisfied, but 99 per cent of the people vote for the system.

It is Christmas Eve, after all, and our hosts seem to savor what may be the most important gift of all: the freedom to speak their minds. □

*Mr. Owen is an editor at RIAS-TV in West Berlin.*



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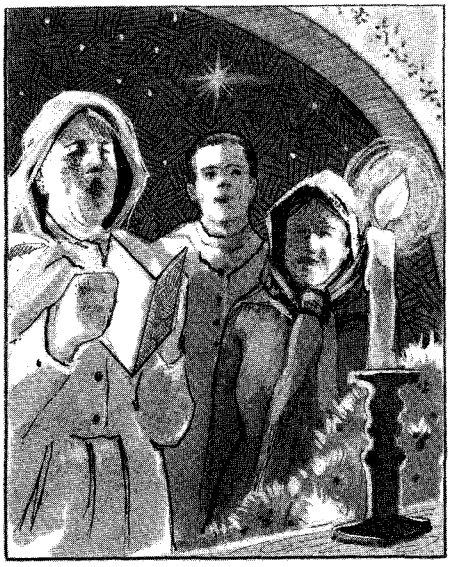
# Stars Burning Bright

JURIS KAZA



Jennifer Lawson

RIGA—With the slight background hiss of a distant AM broadcast, the choir sings *Klusa Nakts, Sveta Nakts* (Silent Night, Holy Night) in Latvian on Radio Riga. Playing in the background during a transatlantic call from Stockholm, it amazes and moves my family in the U.S., who never thought this would be possible.

On Christmas Eve, the Lutheran services from the Riga Dom Church are beamed across Latvia on television. In Ludza, a town near the Russian border in the predominantly Catholic province of Latgale, almost all the students from the local high school, and younger children as well, attend midnight Mass; two years ago this would have been unthinkable defiance. At the same time, Latvian television offers a surprise broadcast of midnight Mass from the Vatican, relayed by satellite.

Interspersed with the Christian celebrations and caroling were eerie pre-Christian solstice songs with the ancient refrain, "*kaladu, kaladu*," and the songs of merrymakers roaming around dressed as gypsies, storks, dancing bears, and other animals. A few years ago, the Soviet authorities were even more upset by the Latvian folklore movement than by Christian activism. There was a powerful unspoken message in reminding people that their culture was one of the oldest and richest in Europe, with an oral tradition of nearly one million folk songs.

For years, Christmas had been celebrated in secrecy and fear, just one week ahead of the official surrogate, New Year's Eve, when decorated trees and *Sala vecis*, the Frost Man (a kind of ersatz Santa Claus), were officially allowed. I celebrated one such New Year's Eve with relatives in Riga, ringing in 1983, a year that proved to be one of the most repressive for Latvia's then-tiny democratic movement. In a sweep on January 6, the Latvian KGB ransacked the homes of up to fifty Latvian families and seized for questioning a Latvian woman from Sweden and her 16-year-old daughter. One man suffered a heart attack during a KGB search, and his body was left more or less where he collapsed until the secret police were through. (The man died.)

A Latvian editor, reached by phone from Stockholm, reports that in the Dom Square—called, until recently, the June 17 Square for the day the Red Army occupied Latvia in 1940—a Christmas pageant was held. There were lavish Christmas trees set up, apparently at city expense, in the Riga Market.

But another Latvian journalist says she saw "horrible poverty" in shops everywhere before Christmas. "The churches were full, to a large extent because it was the only place you could find peace from the open mockery of the population by the authorities through the standard of living they are able to give us," she said bitterly.

In 1989, Latvians give frank, fearless Christmas Eve man-in-the-street interviews to local television reporters. They say that although they would rather not talk politics at the rebirth of the official Christmas holiday, they feel compelled by Gorbachev's and the Kremlin's latest threats against Lithuania.

As long as the struggle for the restoration of democracy and complete independence has not ended, no formerly suppressed tradition or holiday will ever be free of politics. In many windows all across Latvia, three candles were left burning as symbols of defiance and hope, echoing the three bright stars atop the Latvian Freedom Monument in downtown Riga. □

*Mr. Kaza is a Latvian-American freelance journalist based in Stockholm, who has been banned by the Latvian KGB from visiting Latvia for five years.*

# No Turning Back

PETER G. KAUFMANN

VILNIUS—Anyone watching the steady stream of people of all ages entering the Vilnius Cathedral on the morning of November 25, 1989, could have assumed that this was an ordinary, everyday occurrence. Even the children scurrying through the door, genuflecting on both knees at the entrance before proceeding to their places, behaved as if this had been the usual practice throughout their lives. In fact, it was a new experience for any Lithuanian under the age of about sixty.

The occasion was the Mass which marked the opening of the congress to re-establish the Catholic Youth Association, Ateitis, in Lithuania, an organization which had been banned since the Soviet occupation of Lithuania in 1940. Its objectives: to foster spiritual, intellectual, social, and familial consciousness in young people, based on traditional Christian values. The fact that this event could take place at all has lost much of its dramatic force against the backdrop of the revolutionary movements toward democracy sweeping through Eastern Europe, but opening the churches has accomplished much more than a return to the open practice of religion: it has opened the door to freedom of thought. Most of all, it has provided new hope for a better future.

Today, the Catholic Church in Lithuania recognizes both the difficulties and the importance of its role. Many of its priests were persecuted, and have served time in prison and in exile. The priesthood had been infil-

*Mr. Kaufmann is president of Ateitis in the United States.*



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trated by agents of state security, who used the few remaining seminaries for their own purposes, ultimately forcing the establishment of underground seminaries in which priests could be trained, untainted by political indoctrination.

The clergy recognize that many handicaps remain: although a sizable core of Catholics exist, most of the population has only a superficial understanding of the faith. No one expects miracles, only dedicated and methodical work. In the words of Cardinal Vincentas Sladkevicius: "Each of us is like a tiny rivulet feeding into a river. Our individual contributions may appear insignificant yet, together, they form a powerful current whose force can shape the world." The Catholic Church and the people know that there is no turning back. □

# A Christian Christmas

SERGEI GRIGORYANTS

Moscow—In the Soviet Union Christmas normally begins in the Baltics, for it is only there that Catholics and Protestants commemorate the holiday according to the Gregorian Calendar—the so-called "new style." The other churches—the Russian Orthodox Church and the Armenian Gregorian Church, to be sure, but even the Ukrainian Catholic Church of the Eastern Rite and Baptists and other Protestants—celebrate Christmas 13 days later, according to the Julian Calendar.

This year, however, it would not suffice to describe only what was happening in the Baltics on December 24 and 25, although there, for the first time in dozens of years, Christmas not only was celebrated nationwide, but was even recognized as a national holiday by the Communist authorities. In Lithuania all 630 Catholic churches summoned believers to Mass by tolling their church bells for the first time since the Soviet takeover in 1940. In Vilnius Cathedral, Archbishop Julionas Stepanavicius celebrated Mass, which was broadcast over the radio and television, to be heard by all Lithuanians. Throughout the republic there were concerts of religious music, and city squares for the first time displayed brightly shimmering Christmas trees.

Estonia, which is primarily Protestant, was almost as colorful this Christmas as its Catholic neighbor, Lithuania. Practically the entire population of this tiny country attended church services. In the Dom Cathedral of Tallinn there was a huge Christmas concert. And a curious event took place right before Christmas: a manifesto appeared in the press announcing the formation of the "Party of Free Democrats of Estonia." Among the scientists and cultural figures who had signed the manifesto, half were former CPSU members.

This year even in Yerevan and in Moscow the commemorations began on the "new style" Christmas Eve. On December 24 Armenian protestors erected a Christmas tree on the tracks of the railroad that brings raw materials to the nitrate plant in Yerevan, which for a long time has been poisoning the city's inhabitants. Christmas this year has been a symbol of rebirth for the Armenian people.

In Moscow there are relatively few Catholics, most of them Poles living here. On December 24 and 25 they gathered, as they customarily do, in St. Ludvik's Cathedral, where they listened attentively to the sermon by the church's rector, Father Stanislav Mozheyko. This Christmas, however, they were joined by a number of Orthodox believers. But even more of the Orthodox went on December 24 to the new Moscow Art Theater, which for the first time staged a Christmas play, organized and financed by the Baptist newspaper *The Protestant*. The initiative came from Nikolay Gubenko, a famous dramatic actor who is now the minister of culture. The play, *Under the Star of Bethlehem*, was specially written for the occasion, and it reached out not only to believers: those in attendance included not simply atheists and Communists, but even People's Deputies, such as Gavriil Popov and Ilya Zaslavsky.

At the end of the play everyone in the audience received a gift that is very precious in the Soviet Union—a Gospel. There are plans to repeat this program in the Moscow Art Theater during the course of the Yuletide season.

There is no more room for Communist idols in the festive light of Christmas. □

*Mr. Grigoryants is the editor of the independent magazine* Glasnost *and chairman of the Trade Union of Independent Journalists in the Soviet Union. This article was translated by Ludmilla Thorne.*

# Keeping the Faith

OLGA S. HRUBY

It is a principle of Marxist faith that with the progress of Communism religion will wither away. Because in practice this process moved much more slowly than predicted, Communist governments tried to speed it up by various means at their disposal, among which gentle persuasion was the least popular one. Yet it seems that no matter what method they apply, religious convictions are extremely difficult to eradicate. Even in Albania, where Enver Hoxha closed all houses of worship and imprisoned or killed all clergymen, there are strong indications that believers —both Christian and Moslem—have kept their faith alive.

In some Communist-dominated countries—for example, in Poland—believers were able to worship the Lord openly. In other instances they were forced into the underground church, thus risking persecution or worse. In either case they were part of a vast network which provided spiritual guidance, personal contacts, and information mostly unavailable from other sources.

In the post-Stalinist Soviet Union, demands for religious freedom were sparked by the Jewish emigration movement. Many refuseniks were in

*Mrs. Hruby is editor of* Religion in Communist-Dominated Areas.



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## *From Country To Country, Church to Church*

**Bulgaria:** Small evangelical churches are active. The Orthodox Church is submissive.

**Czechoslovakia:** Here the Catholic Church, headed by ninety-year-old Cardinal Tomasek of Prague, is outspoken. Some priests and theologians are active in dissident organizations. The officially sponsored Pax in Terris Association of Catholic Clergy collaborates with the government; its members are distrusted by the faithful. The underground church has secretly ordained bishops and priests, and is active mainly in cities. Large pilgrimages to various shrines offer a platform for exchange of information and planning of strategy.

The Evangelical Church of Czech Brethren (Presbyterian) seems to have overcome a long period of inertia. A number of its members are involved in Charter 77 and other civic associations, and many were imprisoned. The Hussite Church has been quiescent and is in decline. In Slovakia, the Lutheran Church is coasting along. Its leadership is weak, submissive, and uninspiring, unlike the leadership during World War II.

**Hungary:** Under Janos Kadar, the churches were relatively free, as long as the clergy stayed in line. Hierarchs, particularly Protestant, were accommodating. The Catholic Church worked well within the limits stipulated by the state.

**Poland:** The Catholic Church never lost its authority and prestige. It was most fortunate to have such a dynamic leader as Cardinal Wyszynski during the worst years. Cardinal Glemp commands far less respect and affection because of his cautiousness and accommodating ways.

**USSR:** Major changes in the attitude to religion are of most benefit to the Orthodox Church. In the past it has been controlled and manipulated for the purposes of the government; its patriarch is an ex-prisoner, now ailing, very obedient to the state.

The Catholic Church in Lithuania has openly challenged the government and has a well-organized action group which provided reliable information about numerous clashes and conflicts. The Ukrainian Catholic (Uniate) Church remains unrecognized, although the Uniates are now openly defying the restrictions on their activities and are reclaiming their churches. This conflict may inflame the population in Western Ukraine.

The Lutheran Church is very influential in Latvia and Estonia. Other Protestant or Evangelical churches are growing fast.

The Church in Armenia and Georgia has always retained a large degree of independence and is keeping the national spirit alive.

Muslims are increasingly assertive.

**Yugoslavia:** Despite its more liberal image, the country is fragmented into national and religious entities. Religious intolerance exacerbates the current crisis. While in Soviet-bloc countries religion was a force for positive change, here it adds to the problems.

**Rumania:** The hierarchy of the Orthodox Church with all its servility failed to save churches and monasteries from destruction by Ceausescu. Local churches provided spiritual support to the faithful, and so did the minority denominations. The Hungarian minority suffered the heaviest losses, and it is ironic that the persecution of its pastor in Timisoara sparked the revolt which toppled the megalomaniac and his clan. —OSH

contact with friends in the West and, thus, received support and information they shared with believers of other faiths. Their struggle was occasionally successful enough to encourage others, particularly members of ethnic groups, to apply for emigration. Again, churches provided the network for strategic planning. This was also the case with the Solidarity movement in Poland, with the demonstrations against the Honecker regime in East Germany, with the resistance in the Baltic states, and to some extent also with Charter 77 in Czechoslovakia. It would be difficult to find a dividing line between religious, nationalist, and political protest in many of those instances.

Even some of the churchmen who publicly defended the Marxist policies of their countries would confess their dissatisfaction in private. They spread the word about Western democracies among their friends, smuggled Bibles, forbidden books, and periodicals into their countries, and secretly aided the persecuted. Others, however, glorified the powers that be in the most servile, unctuous manner. The Holy Synod of the Rumanian Orthodox Church recently addressed the megalomaniac Ceausescu as "the illustrious and experienced leader of the Rumanian people, an eminent personality of the contemporary world." The same church leader who sang these praises presided on Christmas Day at thanksgiving services for Ceausescu's downfall.

The intensity of believers' determination varies from country to country even in the same denomination [see box]. But the differences in denominational attitudes may be partly explained by the fact that while the Catholics have a strong supporter in the Vatican, the Protestants and the Orthodox could not expect such help from the World Council of Churches and other international religious organizations where the spirit of appeasement has prevailed. Yet even those bodies in many ways advanced the revival of churches in Communist countries by providing a meeting place and a vantage point from which the representatives from the Soviet bloc could gather information, gain experience, and learn how to negotiate.

But among the factors advancing the cause of captive churches, the existence of a multi-lingual Polish Pope should not be underestimated. The persecuted churches have looked up to Pope John Paul II for inspiration in their struggle. He may be criticized in the West, but behind the Iron Curtain he gained many admirers even among Protestants, Orthodox, and agnostics. They know that he shares their sorrows and hopes, and above all, that he is a man of peace. It is gratifying that this spirit prevailed in the revolutions that have swept the Communist-dominated countries from Poland to Bulgaria. □



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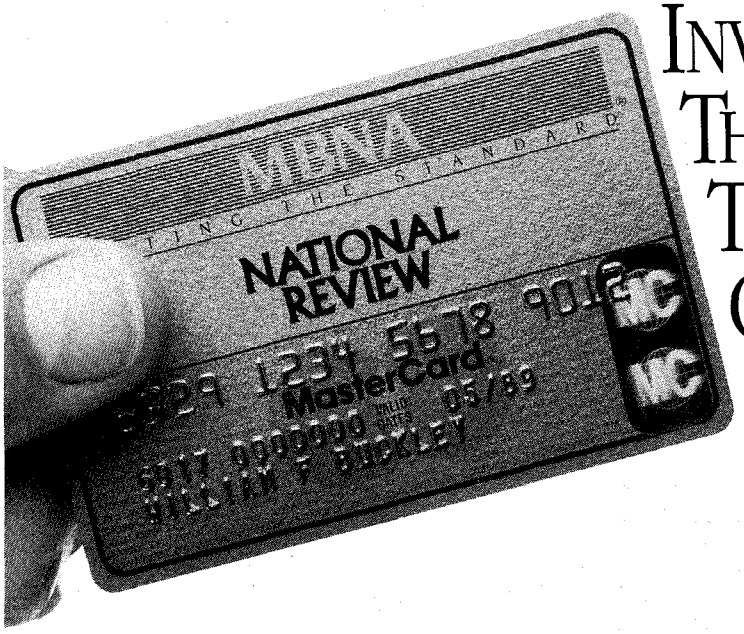


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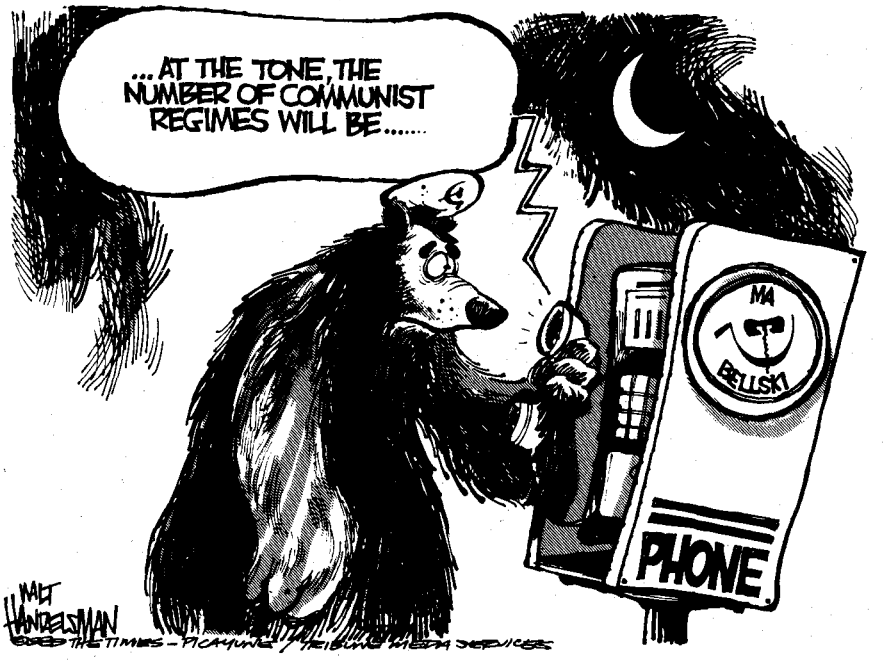

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I blew a kazoo in Times Square
When gentlemen went on a tear,
But now, between us,
They'd steal a guy's truss,
Bifocals, watch, walker, and hair.

W. H. VON DREELE



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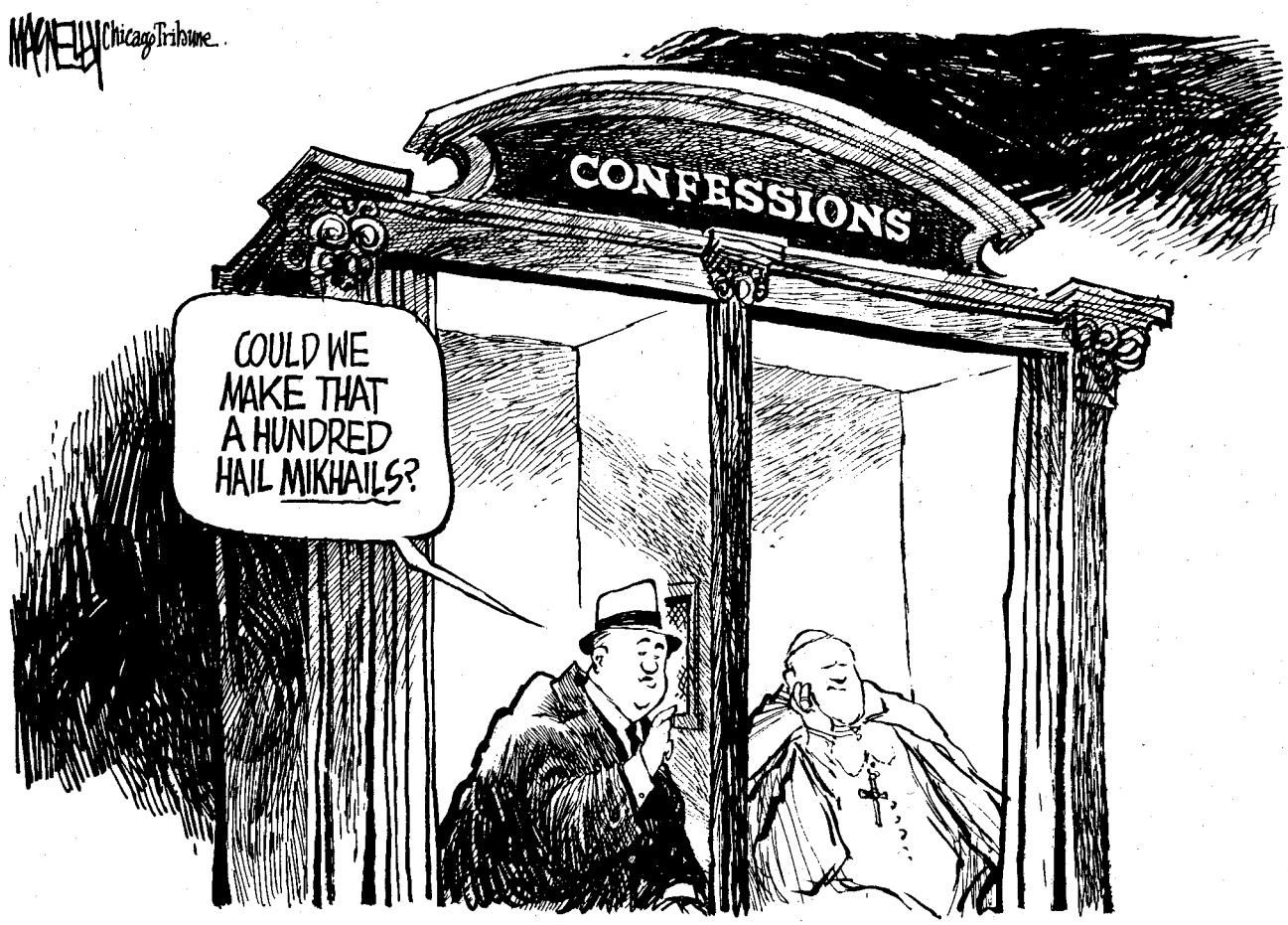

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THE OPEN QUESTION

# Lincoln's Character Assassins

*Attempts to demythologize' Lincoln are nothing new, says the author: they go back approximately to the end of the Civil War. But the point at issue is not how Lincoln behaved to his fiancée; it is the nature of slavery.*

HARRY V. JAFFA

THE COVER of NATIONAL REVIEW's December 8 issue announces: "Dishonest Abe: A New Look at the Lincoln Myth." This, it turns out, is a review–essay by Thomas Fleming of a new collection of Lincoln's speeches and writings. Although the inside title of Fleming's review is "Lincoln's Tragic Heroism," the cover title more accurately reflects its substance.

That this is in any sense a "new look" at Lincoln is utterly absurd. No generation has passed, since the end of the Civil War, in which John Wilkes Booth has not risen again to assassinate the reputation of Abraham Lincoln. In 1931 Edgar Lee Masters published *Lincoln, the Man*, a diatribe of some five hundred pages, and much of what M. E. Bradford has written—and that Fleming now writes—could have been paraphrased, if not transcribed, from Masters.

We limit ourselves here to one example, but it could be multiplied countless times. Here is Masters on Lincoln's rhetoric:

> . . . the subjugation of the South had to be smeared over with religion . . . with the whole rank and file of Calvinism, with the nauseating piety and sadistic righteousness of America as a Christian nation . . .

And here is Fleming/Bradford on the same topic:

> What distinguishes Lincoln from the other political brokers of his time is a relentlessly Biblical rhetoric that is as powerful in its emotional appeal as it is empty of political prudence . . . M. E. Bradford considers the "capstone" of his prosecution [*sic*!] to be Lincoln's "habit of wrapping up his policy in the idiom of Holy Scripture, concealing within the Trojan Horse of his gasconade and moral superiority an agenda that would never have been approved . . . in any other form."

Now anyone acquainted in the least with mid-nineteenth-century America, North and South, knows that the accents of the King James Bible were the common coin of political—and indeed of familiar—discourse. Lincoln's use of phrases drawn from the Bible was not in the least unusual. What was unusual was the beauty and perfection of his language.

Perhaps the most important—certainly the most revealing—speech by a Confederate leader was that of Vice President Alexander Stephens, in Savannah, Georgia, on March 21, 1861. Remember that the seven states of the Deep South had "seceded," and the Confederate government had been organized and put into operation, before Lincoln took office on March 4. Lincoln's predecessor in the White House, James Buchanan, had declared secession to be unconstitutional, but he had also declared that he had no power under the Constitution to do anything about it. No one as yet knew how Lincoln's conception of presidential responsibility would differ from Buchanan's. When Stephens spoke, three months had gone by since South Carolina had declared its withdrawal from the Union. Nearly all federal property within the rebel states had been taken over and only a few forts remained in the hands of the United States. In this interval before the firing on Fort Sumter, Stephens took for granted—as did most of the world—that the independence of the Confederacy was a peacefully accomplished fact.

Stephens's speech has come down to us as the "Cornerstone" speech. Just as Lincoln's "House Divided" speech takes its text from Mark 3:25, so does Stephens's take its from Matthew 21:42: "Jesus saith unto them, 'Did ye never read in the Scriptures, The

*Mr. Jaffa is a senior fellow of the Claremont Institute and director of the Center for the Study of the Natural Law.*



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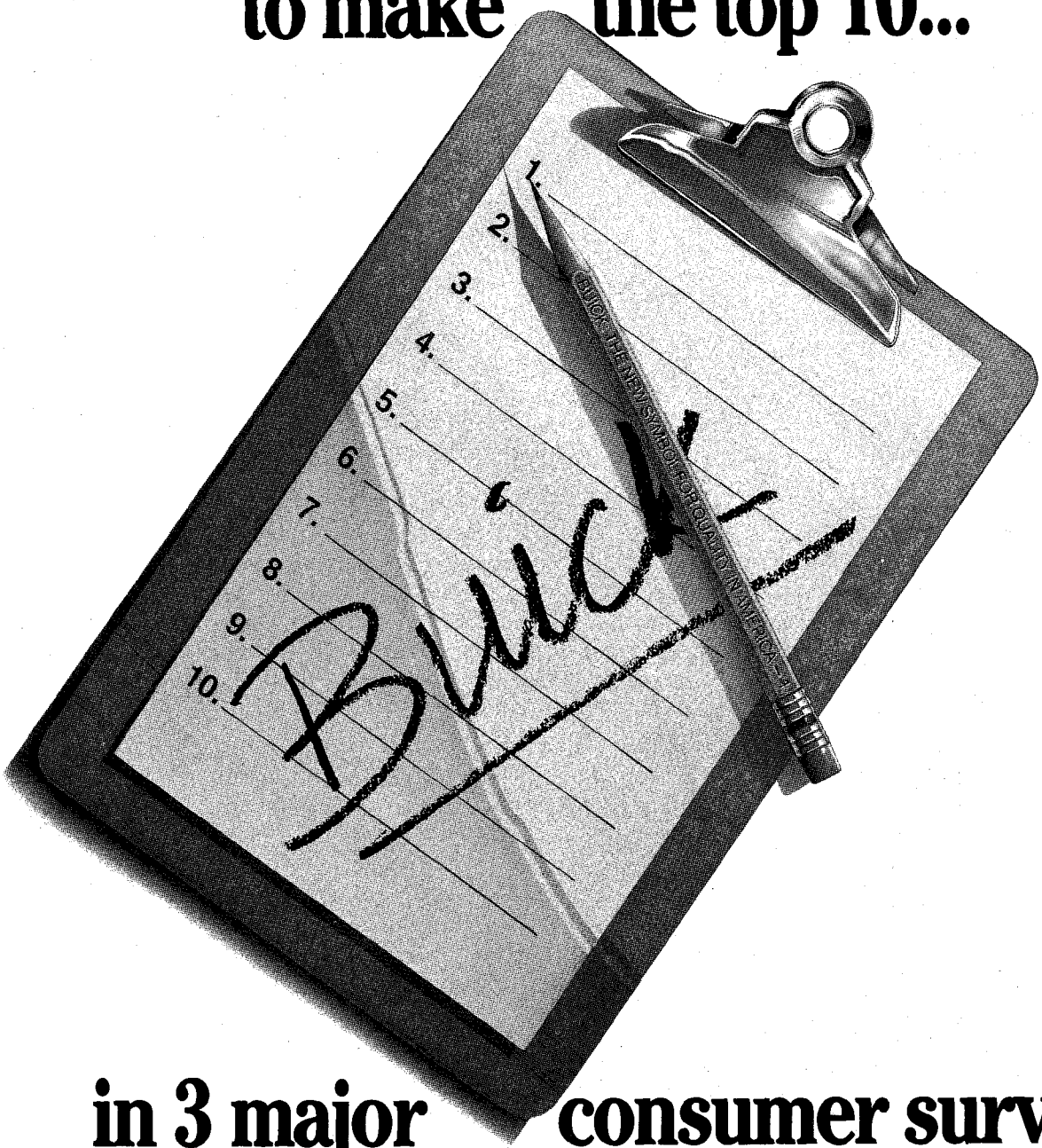
# Buick is the only American car to make the top 10...

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J.D. Power and Associates 1989 Customer Satisfaction with Product Quality and Dealer Service℠ Buick ranked 10th overall. 1989 New Car Sales Satisfaction Index℠ Buick ranked in a tie for 3rd overall. 1989 Initial Quality Survey.℠ Buick ranked 7th overall.

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Joseph Borzotta

stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner: this is the Lord's doing . . .' " and from Matthew 7:24–27: "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock . . ." Here are some extracts from the Cornerstone speech:

> The new Constitution [of the Confederacy] has put to rest forever all agitating questions relating to our peculiar institutions—African slavery as it exists among us . . . The prevailing ideas entertained by [Jefferson] and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old Constitution [viz., that of 1787], were that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature: that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically. . . . These ideas however were fundamentally wrong. They rested upon the assumption of the equality of races. This was an error. It was a sandy foundation, and the idea of a government built upon it; when the "storm came and the wind blew, it fell."

Let us make no mistake about it: the "sandy foundation" of the Constitution of the United States was "the assumption of the equality of races."

On the other hand . . .

> Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea: its foundations are laid, *its cornerstone rests*, upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man. That slavery—subordination to the superior race, is his natural and normal condition. This our new government is the first in the history of the world, based upon this great physical and moral truth. . . . The negro, by nature, *or by the curse of Canaan*, is fitted for that condition which he occupies in our system. The architect, in the construction of buildings, lays the foundation with the proper materials. . . . The substratum of our society is made of the material fitted by nature for it, and by experience we know that it is best, not only for the superior, but for the inferior race that it should be so. *It is indeed in conformity with the ordinance of the Creator.* [Emphasis added.]

Has anyone ever claimed the authority of Holy Scripture for a political cause more straightforwardly than this? But Stephens does even more than this: he claims the authority of science no less than that of God. Elsewhere in the speech he compares the discovery of the inferiority of the Negro race to Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood! Stephens was not only Vice President of the Confederacy; he was (to borrow a phrase of Burke's) one of "the men of light and leading" of the Old South. Clearly, he had already been influenced by Darwin's *Origin of Species*, published in 1859. But make no mistake about it: the cornerstone of the Confederacy, the rock upon which it rested, was the teaching of racial inequality and the natural (and divine) right of one race to enslave another. This may have been a genteel version, but it was a version nonetheless, of the doctrinal foundations of Hitler's Third Reich. All this is concealed by Fleming's and Bradford's nonsense about Lincoln's "habit of wrapping up his policy in the idiom of Holy Scripture."

FLEMING DISCOVERS the key to Lincoln's "coarse and mean-spirited" character in his behavior during his brief romance with Mary Owens. Evidently the mutual attraction was ephemeral, and both became disenchanted. Lincoln's letters are indeed awkward, but Fleming draws Jack's beanstalk from them and then climbs up it to discover the monster who would one day devastate the South.

> In this unpleasant business, Lincoln displayed several qualities that would serve him well in his political career. In the first place, he would not actually declare openly that he wanted to break it off. . . . Second . . . , he protests his dedication both to what is right and to her interest. Finally, once he is rid of the danger, he responds with a sarcasm that is both coarse and mean-spirited.

All this is merely gratuitous. Here is a note by Basler, the editor of Lincoln's *Collected Works*: "To find in this letter, as well as in the other letters to Mary, evidence that Lincoln was trifling with her affections requires a degree of animosity or naïveté which but few students of Lincoln have possessed." Yet Fleming says nothing about Lincoln the family man: about his marriage to Mary Todd, about his loving patience with and strict fidelity to a very difficult woman, nor about his devotion to his children.

FLEMING COMMENTS on Lincoln's Lyceum speech of 1838, and quotes from it at some length, but he simply ignores its main argument. First paraphrasing and then quoting Lincoln, Fleming writes:

> While there are great and good men who are content with a seat in Congress, "such belong not to the family of the lion or the tribe of the eagle. . . . Towering genius disdains a beaten path. . . . It thirsts and burns for distinction, and, if possible, will have it whether at the expense of emancipating slaves or enslaving freemen."

Fleming sees Lincoln as seeing himself belonging to "the tribe of the eagle" and as eaten by ambition



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throughout his life. But Fleming ignores the main argument of the speech, which is a precise warning of the danger to American freedom that such men pose. In *Crisis of the House Divided: An Interpretation of the Issues in the Lincoln–Douglas Debates*, published in 1959, I devoted a chapter of fifty closely printed pages to this speech. Fleming of course ignores the whole book, as well as this chapter. But Lincoln's insistence on an equal danger from abolitionism and from the resistance to abolitionism pervades the speech, and is the key to his whole career.

Lincoln always insisted that slavery was morally wrong. But he also insisted that a constitutional statesman had to act within the boundaries of the consent of the governed. A statesman in a republic had to lead the people toward its proper goals, while adapting his leadership to public opinions which were sometimes retrograde. It would be a Pyrrhic victory, Lincoln thought, to destroy constitutional government and the rule of law in pursuit of emancipation. It would not even be in the interests of the emancipated slaves to be "equal" subjects in a new despotism. That was the tragedy of Napoleon and the French Revolution, which Lincoln was determined to avoid.

Fleming shows no understanding of, or even interest in, the speeches that accompanied Lincoln's rise to power in the 1850s. Consider the following.

> Lincoln's coarseness also comes out in the racial humor he used to prove that he was not a "black Republican." Time after time he repeated the same joke, that simply because he did not want a Negro woman for a slave did not mean he wanted her for a wife. He also declared, repeatedly, that the best way to prevent race-mixing in the West was to keep blacks—free or slave—out.

Now, Lincoln's saying that he did not want a Negro woman, either for a slave or for a wife, was *not* one of his jokes. Fleming omits the rest of what Lincoln said about this Negro woman: he could just leave her alone. Elsewhere Lincoln would also say—as Fleming also fails to report—that in her natural right to put into her mouth the bread that her own hand had earned, the Negro woman was his equal, the equal of Judge Douglas, and the equal of any man.

In the Lincoln–Douglas debates Lincoln would state many times that he was not and never had been in favor of making voters or jurors of Negroes, or of permitting them to marry with white people. As I pointed out in *Crisis* he never said that he never would be in favor of such things. What Lincoln said in the 1850s about political and social equality for Negroes, and why he said it, can only be understood from the politics of the campaign in which he was engaged.

Douglas and his followers were charging, over and over again, that Lincoln's insistence that the rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence belonged to Negroes no less than to whites implied a commitment to full political and social equality—the latter including the right freely to intermarry. And this charge, in the light of public opinion in Illinois in 1858 (and in most of the rest of the nation), was one to which Lincoln was vulnerable. Had he not denied it, he would have wrecked his campaign.

Lincoln not only rebutted the charge, but turned it against his opponents, by pointing out that the most fruitful source of miscegenation had been slavery. It was the forced concubinage of black women that had accounted for most of the nearly half-million persons of mixed blood in the nation. But Lincoln added—and here the humor is unmistakable—that he was in no fear that his friends would rush off to marry Negroes if there was no law to prevent them, but that if Judge Douglas feared that *his* friends would do so, he, Lincoln, would stand by the law of Illinois which forbade such marriages. Fleming is correct in indicating that one of the strongest passions supporting the free-soil movement was the desire to keep blacks, free or slave, out of the territories. And it is true that Lincoln exploited that passion. But he did so to carry the anti-slavery movement to victory. One part of the art of the statesman is to make men serve causes better than themselves. In this too Lincoln showed his greatness.

***Fleming shows no understanding of, or even interest in, the speeches that accompanied Lincoln's rise to power in the 1850s.***

Was it inconsistent with his own principles for Lincoln in 1858 to have denied, for example, that he wished to make voters of Negroes? As a practical matter, how could that Negro woman—even if free—defend her right to the bread her hand had earned, unless she could vote? The answer is that it would be time enough to demand the vote for her when she was free. What would have been the point of demanding the vote for her in 1858, if the effect of making this demand would have been to ensure that she would remain a slave? In all that he said, Lincoln was bringing, not into perfect harmony, but into ever greater harmony, the principle of equality and the government grounded upon it.

FLEMING SUMMARIZES Lincoln's argument in his Cooper Union address as follows.

> Impatient with the historical agreement that nicely adjusted relations between sovereign states and the national sovereignty, contemptuous of the prerogatives of the Supreme Court, he saw the great sectional struggle as a simple case of right against wrong. In his superb Cooper Union address early in 1860, he put the issue squarely: if slavery is right, then the Southern claims are right; if it is wrong, then, while Northerners must tolerate its persistence for the time being,



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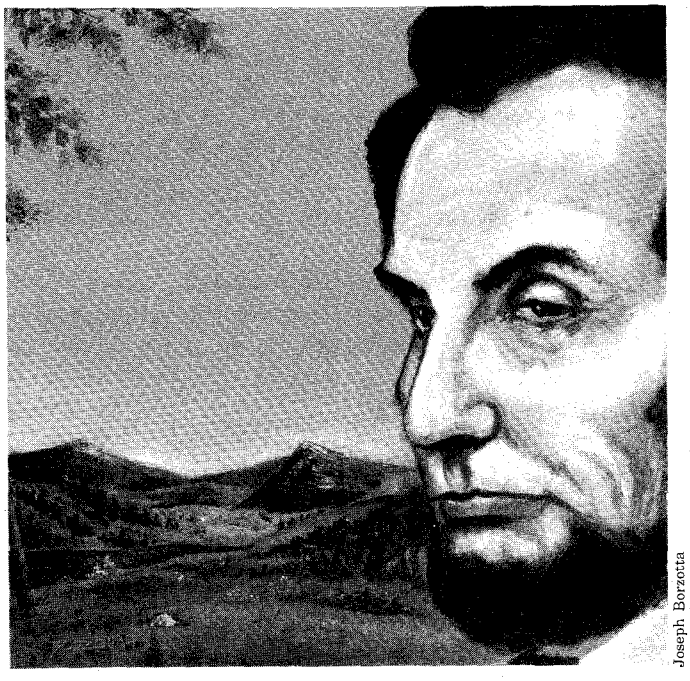
it cannot be allowed to spread. Politics, in this view, becomes a matter of conviction: "Their thinking it right, and our thinking it wrong, is the precise fact upon which depends the whole controversy."

Here is the gravamen of Fleming's indictment. At its heart is his scorn of politics as "a matter of conviction." And the conviction that he scorns above all others is the one that holds slavery to be morally wrong. But what is slavery? Lincoln as usual reduced it to its essentials better than anyone else: it meant: "You work, I'll eat." Slavery meant appropriating the fruits of human beings' labor for their entire lives—which meant neither more nor less than stealing their lives. Slavery meant treating human beings as chattels (that is, as cattle), denying them the right to make contracts, including the contract—but also the sacrament—of marriage. As chattels, slave fathers and slave mothers could not be honored by their own children—over whom they had no lawful authority. Like dogs, slave children and slave parents owed their obedience entirely to their masters. Not one single moral commandment of the Judaeo-Christian tradition was not denied by slavery. Lincoln declared that if slavery was not wrong, nothing was wrong. Wherein did he err? By what non-theory of politics does Fleming justify opposition either to Hitler's National Socialism or to Stalin's Communism, without justifying Lincoln's opposition to chattel slavery?

According to Fleming, it was on his "intellectual theory" that slavery was wrong that "Lincoln devastated a third of the country with war . . ." The invincible ignorance of this assertion can be excused only by the fact that the ignorance is invincible. Let us review some of the elementary facts about the political events leading up to the Civil War.

We take up the story with the Democratic National Convention in Charleston, in May of 1860. At that convention, the seven states of the Deep South presented, as a non-negotiable demand, a resolution committing the party and its candidate to a federal slave code for the territories. This demand was refused by Stephen A. Douglas—no man who agreed to it could be elected dog-catcher in a free state—and what followed was the secession from the convention of the delegates who had supported the resolution. This was the first—and in many respects the decisive—act of secession. And it was a secession against Douglas, not against Lincoln. These Southerners wanted much more than equal access to the territories with their slaves. Basing their claim upon an *obiter dictum* in Taney's opinion in *Dred Scott*, they claimed a constitutional right to a federal guarantee of their slave property. All Douglas would offer them was a chance to vote for local police protection for slavery—a chance, as Douglas put it, to vote slavery up or to vote it down. They, however, insisted upon a federally guaranteed right to plant slavery in any or all United States territories.

Since Fleming speaks of Lincoln's disregard for the "nicely adjusted" federalism of the antebellum Constitution, he should explain how the Deep South's uncompromising demand for this unprecedented extension of federal powers fits in with his idea of states' rights. Although Lincoln won the presidential election in 1860 on a platform pledged to federal exclusion of slavery from the territories, the Republicans would not have had enough votes in the new Congress to enact such legislation had not the members from the "seceding" states withdrawn from Congress. The Douglas Democrats remained opposed equally to federal exclusion and to federal protection. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the immediate cause of secession and war was not Lincoln's demand to keep slavery *out* of the territories: it was the nation's refusal to sanction the South's demand to legislate slavery *into* these same territories.



Joseph Borzotta

Secession, however, was based on something more than a demand for the extension of slavery. It represented a repudiation of the rule of the constitutional majority, the very basis of all free government. Lincoln's election had been in strict conformity with the rules of the Constitution. No one on the losing side had been denied any constitutional rights, nor was anyone threatened with the loss of such rights. Lincoln in his inaugural address had not only repeated his oft-given pledge never to interfere with slavery in the states where it was lawful, but had said that he would support a constitutional amendment to that effect. Secession was then nothing more or less than a pretext to set aside the results of a free election, by those who did not like those results. When Lincoln issued his call for troops after the fall of Fort Sumter, he did so not to prosecute a war against slavery. He did so, he said, "to demonstrate to the world that those who can fairly carry an election can also suppress a rebellion; that when ballots have fairly and constitutionally decided, there can be no successful appeal back to bullets; that there can be no successful appeal except to ballots themselves, at succeeding elections." □



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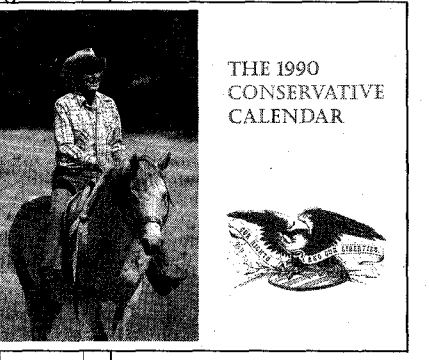
JANUARY

| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1 New Year's Day | 2 Georgia ratifies Constitution (1788) | 3 U.S. breaks diplomatic ties with Cuba (1961) | 4 Carter imposes Soviet grain embargo (1980) | 5 Cambodia becomes a Communist People's Republic (1970) | 6 |
| 7 U.S. imposes economic sanctions against Libya (1986) | 8 Fidel Castro entered Havana in Triumph (1959) | 9 MacArthur returns to Philippines (1945) | 10 Thomas Paine publishes Common Sense (1776) | 11 Alexander Hamilton's Birthday (1772) | 12 Edmund Burke's Birthday (1729) | |
| 14 Ratification Day | 15 Martin Luther King Jr.'s Birthday | 16 Religious Freedom Day | 17 Benjamin Franklin's Birthday (1706) | 18 Daniel Webster's Birthday (1782) | 19 Leon Trotsky exiled (1929) | |
| 21 Alger Hiss found guilty (1950) | 22 Roe vs. Wade (1973) | 23 Jerusalem proclaimed Israel's Capital (1950) | 24 Winston Churchill dies (1965) | 25 Qadhafi parrots line of death (1986) | 26 Douglas MacArthur's Birthday (1880) | |
| 28 Jack Mantl's Birthday (1853) | 29 Thomas Paine's Birthday (1737) | 30 Tet Offensive (1968) | 31 1st successful U.S. satellite launched (1958) | | | |

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HOWARD BEACH

# Race, Lies, And Videotape

*Don't expect mere accuracy from a docudrama cum social commentary. In the Howard Beach case, the producers wanted to fight racism—so most of the facts were changed; only the names remain the same.*

LORRIN ANDERSON

THE MIDDLE of the night. New York City, the borough of Queens. December 1986. A steaming car, disabled on the highway. A dog barks eerily in the distance. Tinkly background music gives way to dark, menacing chords as three young black men start down the road on foot. Headlights loom. Another car almost runs them down—deliberately—as they walk slowly down the street, and we hear a snarling voice: "Get out of the neighborhood, niggers."

The car drives off, and what follows is pure horror: The blacks find an open pizzeria, fail to reach a friend on the phone, and walk back out into the night—to mayhem and death. Because the young whites in the car have come back, after picking up reinforcements at a kinky teenage party. In a sequence of surpassing ugliness, they threaten the three blacks with a baseball bat, chase them through the streets by car and on foot, drive one of them to his death on a parkway—he's hit by a speeding car—then corner another, beating him mercilessly. The third black escapes with his life.

Thus begins *Howard Beach: Making the Case for Murder*, the two-hour docudrama aired nationally on NBC December 4. It's effective television and, among other things, a passionate indictment of racial hatred. The only trouble is, it didn't happen—not the way we saw it on NBC. And the utter mendacity of the movie presents a couple of striking paradigms—not only what's wrong with the docudrama as a quasi-journalistic art form, but the way criminal justice (at least in New York City) has been contorted by racial politics.

Imagine, if you will, that you are a docudrama producer, making a movie about the *making* of this movie. It's going to be a morality play about white racist brutes and poor black victims, and the dialogue at your story conference might go something like this:

"For starters, Marty, let's have the blacks look like refugees from the Cosby show—clean-cut, basket-shooting kids who were just minding their own business. We'll have to mention their criminal records, of course, but we'll put it in later, soft-pedal it—have the prosecutor say something like, 'It's not the memory of Michael Griffith that's on trial.'

"And you know that part about Grimes admitting he flashed a knife at the whites? I'm afraid we can't ignore it—let him talk about it at some point. But leave the knife part out of the opening sequence—it'd just confuse people unnecessarily.

"The white kids we can handle with acting and direction—and of course the script will be important here, Biff. Throw in plenty of lines to make it clear that they just *hate* blacks—use the N-word, of course. And make sure they sneer and smirk a lot when they're not being brutal. By the way, Bambi, tell casting to make the whites bigger than they really were, and the blacks smaller, less physically imposing. Even things out . . ."

Running against Monday Night Football on ABC, NBC's *Howard Beach: Making the Case for Murder* captured 24 per cent of the viewing audience, which means that 32 million people saw all or part of the movie. The night of the broadcast, the network got 365 calls from viewers, all but eight or nine protesting the slant of the drama. But given the powerful impact of television, millions of people must have thought that was the way it was, the way it really happened.

"They chase a human being onto a busy highway, they see him crushed by a car, 55 miles an hour, they watch his body flying through the air almost half the

*Mr. Anderson is a former producer and editor for WNBC-TV News in New York.*



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length of a *football field*, then they turn and chase another man four blocks and beat him to a pulp with a metal bat—*what kind of world is this?*"

So speaks Daniel J. Travanti in the role of Special Prosecutor Charles J. (Joe) Hynes. If that were the way it happened, there *would* be a strong case for a murder conviction; in reality, everything in that anguished speech—except the simple facts of a beating and a death—remains in question three years later. Despite the movie's suggestive title, nobody was convicted of murder. Of the four principal defendants, one—Michael Pirone—was acquitted. The other three—Jon Lester, Scott Kern, and Jason Ladone—were found guilty of first-degree assault and second-degree manslaughter. Lester and Kern were also convicted of conspiracy. Their next appeal comes up in February.

Lester and Kern were both 17 years old at the time of the Howard Beach incident; Ladone was 16. Michael Griffith, the black man who was killed, was 23. Cedric Sandiford, the beating victim (and Griffith's stepfather) was 36. Timothy Grimes, the third black, was 18.

The prosecution case that was embraced—and embellished—by the movie depends heavily on the story told by another white, Robert Riley, an admitted leader in the face-off with the blacks. Riley, now twenty, was rewarded with a minimal sentence (six months) for testifying against his former friends. To buttress that testimony, Hynes relied on a tortured reconstruction of

*"Hey Vern, they're finally telling the truth about Howard Beach."*

events—contradicted by Sandiford's initial story, which changed several times under heavy coaching by the prosecution—to place the defendants at the immediate scene of Griffith's death, and to show that Griffith had no alternative but to plunge into the traffic. The defense contends that he *did* have alternatives—that in any case the whites did not pursue him all the way to the highway, and that some of them, including Lester, didn't even learn of the death until hours later.

An autopsy showed that Griffith had cocaine in his system—a "near-lethal level," according to a toxicologist who testified for the defense. Sandiford and Grimes both had histories of drug abuse, but whether they were on drugs at the time of the confrontation is not known. How much they or the white teens had been drinking, if at all, remains a matter of conjecture.

HOWARD BEACH is a largely white community in southern Queens, tucked in between Kennedy Airport and the ghettoized Brooklyn neighborhood of East New York. That racial antagonisms exist there, as elsewhere, is not in question. But it's hardly the bastion of bigotry portrayed in the movie. Some blacks live in Howard Beach, co-existing in reasonable harmony with the whites, and Cross Bay Boulevard, the main drag, is a long street of restaurants and stores frequented by many blacks; the movie's notion that three well-behaved young black men would cause a hostile stir just by walking into that pizzeria borders on the ludicrous. The bowling alley across the street, in fact, has a black bowling league.

Contrary to the movie's visual assertion that the blacks' motoring mishap took place near the pizzeria, the steaming car was in fact abandoned more than three miles away. The blacks would have had to pass four open gas stations and two all-night diners, all of which had phones. And their nasty opening encounter involved not just the white boys, but also a girl they were driving home. The girl, Claudia Calogero, says the incident resulted from the blacks' walking in front of the car, not from anybody trying to run them down, and that the driver yelled, "What the hell. I almost hit you—get out of the way," not, "Get out of the neighborhood, niggers." Racial epithets were exchanged, but who started what isn't certain. Sandiford admitted that at one point he said, "F--- you, honky."

According to the girl, he frightened her by banging on the car and sticking his head in the window. Jon Lester, who was also in the car, says Sandiford spat in his face. At any rate, the boys took Claudia home and went back for reinforcements. The chase, the beating of Sandiford, and Griffith's death followed.

One point in the appeal is the claim that Sandiford's injuries were not serious enough to warrant first-degree assault convictions. In the movie, he suffers a severe concussion and requires 67 stitches. Records from the hospital where he was first treated show that he actually required five stitches, and there's no mention of a concussion; police photos taken at the scene show little sign of injury. But the initial medical reports are sketchy, and the main reason for factual murkiness is pure obstructionism on the part of Sandiford's lawyers, C. Vernon Mason and Alton Maddox (both of whom face possible disbarment for their role in the Tawana Brawley hoax of a year later). They kept Sandiford away from Queens prosecutors for weeks until Governor Cuomo yielded to their demand for a special prosecutor instead of the Queens DA.

The movie's version of Mason & Maddox is a composite named Clayton Barry, whose anger and refusal to



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cooperate with prosecutors seem not only understandable but entirely justified. There is no mention at all of the ineffable Al Sharpton, who greatly inflamed the situation by leading marches into Howard Beach.

Reviewers have suggested the movie actually *de*sensationalized the story in some ways. What it downplayed in fact were the disruptive, sometimes violent, tactics of black militants and their white radical allies. We see a white giving a violent shove to a black outside the courthouse; it probably never happened. One thing that actually did happen was the arrest of a black man for punching a white witness. Somehow that got left out. And while some whites may have shouted racial epithets at Sharpton and his marchers, in general there were simply no public outbursts by supporters of the defendants to match the demagoguery, incitements, and disruptions on the other side.

The atmosphere in which the jury reached its verdicts was poisonous. The press and television went wild. Mayor Koch rushed to prejudge the incident as "murder" and "a lynching." Whether or not it was swayed by the furor, the jury is a key element in the appeal. A recent Supreme Court ruling had restricted the right of prosecutors to excuse black jurors without giving a reason (peremptory challenges). Judge Thomas Demakos extended this ruling to the *defense* lawyers —while (according to the defense) not restricting Hynes's challenges of middle-class whites, particularly Italians. In the end, six of the 12 jurors were white—somewhat unrepresentative of Queens, which is 74 per cent white.

***Is justice about sending social messages or about even-handed due process? New York's Court of Appeals will decide in February.***

The sentences imposed by Judge Demakos were draconian, longer than the usual prison terms for assault and manslaughter, and consecutive rather than concurrent. So Jon Lester got ten to thirty years instead of five to 15; Scott Kern and Jason Ladone, respectively, got six to 18 and five to 15 years. The appeals will be heard in February by the state's highest court, the Court of Appeals in Albany, but the defendants are stuck with the trial record, and their original lawyers contend that the trial itself was a travesty, in no small part because of Judge Demakos's prosecutorial rulings on evidence, jury selection, and a host of other matters.

The verdicts and sentences were upheld last August by New York's first-tier appeals court, the Appellate Division. The opinion states: "A message loud and clear must go forth that racial violence by any person or group, whatever their race, will not be tolerated by a just and civilized society, and that, when it does occur, it must be appropriately punished." Which raises the question of what justice is about, the sending of social messages or even-handed due process. Young men kill other young men with appalling frequency in New York City, but since killer and victim are usually the same color—black—the press and politicians don't ordinarily pay much attention. And the cases, if resolved at all, tend to end up with plea bargains and moderate sentences. It is arguable that a case such as this would have been settled short of trial if the cast of characters had all been the same color—black or white.

People like Steve Bello, the scriptwriter for *Howard Beach*, and Ken Kaufman, the producer, no doubt see themselves on the side of the angels; while they're raking in the big bucks they're also giving us a lesson on tolerance that will help resolve America's painful racial problems. But because their contribution is a lie—not only about the case itself, but about racial and social realities in this country—what they may actually be doing is the reverse, feeding black paranoia, white resentment, and the suspicion that the media are more interested in peddling a point of view than reflecting the facts of American life.

Scott Kern and Jason Ladone, who had no police records, remain free on bail. Jon Lester has been in jail since January 1987 because of a prior weapons offense—the result of a juvenile escapade that would have resulted in nothing more severe than probation (a judge had already agreed to it) if not for the Howard Beach case. Instead, he got one to three years.

Lester was crucified in the press: JOHNNY ROTTEN, screamed the *Post*. FACE OF EVIL. But the portrayal of a racist thug ignores some inconvenient facts. Lester used to have a black girlfriend, Ernestine Washington, now a junior at the State University in Albany. They had broken up a month or so before the Howard Beach tragedy but remained friends, and Miss Washington is boiling about the movie's distortions—"just horrendous." "Jon was railroaded," she says, "for two reasons: the pretrial publicity and the fact that the judge knew the prosecution had to win because they were afraid the city was going to blow up."

"Jon was railroaded." The identical words come from Charles Simpson, Lester's lawyer in the weapons case. They had become friendly at a diner where Jon worked part-time as a busboy. Like many of the other patrons of the diner, Simpson happens to be black, and as he tells it, "everybody liked Jon . . . he had black friends, Puerto Rican friends, white friends." Simpson doesn't usually practice criminal law and wasn't involved in the Howard Beach case, but he thinks the whole tragic episode started as a turf war, despite the complicating element of race. And Lester? "This is a nice kid, a nice, hard-working kid. He was no more a racist . . ."

"Or at least he *was* a nice kid." Simpson isn't so sure what he's like after a few years in a New York jail. □



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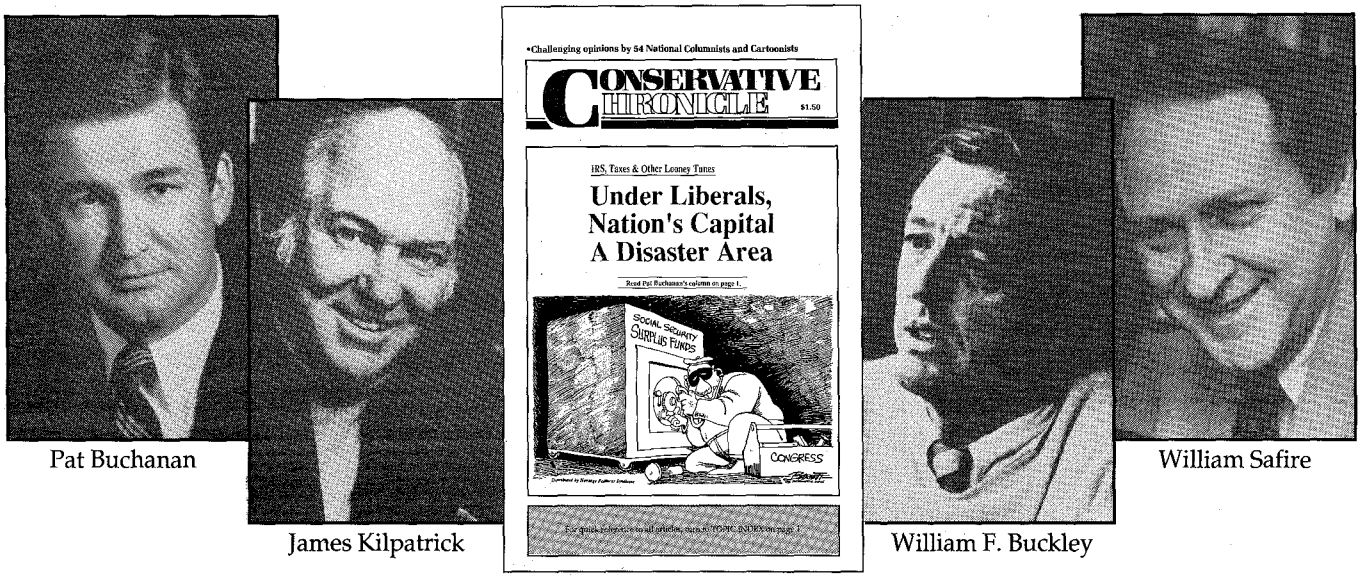


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## FROM THE CONTINENT

# Xenophobia on the March

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

As 1992 approaches, Western Europe, we are told, is on the road to unity; the barriers between nations are breaking down. And yet, at the same time, the entire "Old World" is in the grip of xenophobia.

This ailment has always been endemic in Europe, but was of little consequence until recent times. Before the twentieth century, the antagonisms among different nationalities were prevented from affecting the European political order to any significant degree by the dominance of the old nobilities, which were notoriously international. But now, apart from the USSR, multinational empires no longer exist. Everywhere we find national (i.e., ethnically more or less uniform) states, a development that started in the nineteenth century, gained momentum in 1918 (above all with the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy), and reached a sort of apotheosis with Hitler's quest for ethnic purity and Stalin's attacks on non–Great Russians within his purview. In this respect, as in so many others, the International Socialists were indistinguishable from the National Socialists.

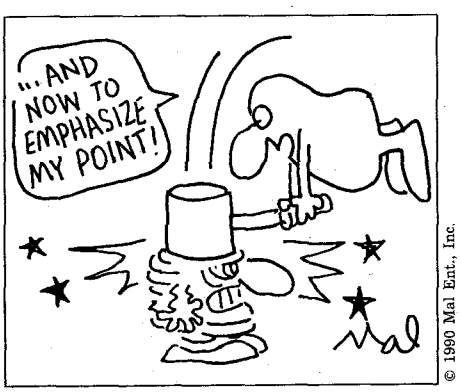
On a smaller, less deadly scale, "democratic" majorities in many countries after the Second World War expelled ethnic or racial minorities. This should not surprise us. Majority rule implies domination.

Modern transportation has exacerbated the tendency to xenophobia by affording extreme mobility to a far greater range of people than in the past. Visitors to the Continent used to enjoy prestige, when the tourists belonged to an affluent and refined social layer. Now the *milord anglais* has been replaced by thugs like those who slaughtered 35 Italians in a Brussels soccer stadium.

This modern mobility has also facilitated the influx of "guest workers," who have a tendency to settle permanently in their host countries. Since, as a rule, they are poorer than the local population, leftist European parties have taken up their cause, going so far in some cases as to press for giving them the same social-welfare benefits that citizens would get. In turn, parties such as, in France, Jean-Marie Le Pen's National Front have sprung up, campaigning on an anti-immigration platform.

Of course, antagonism, like affinity, comes in different strengths. Northern Europeans may have looked down upon Italians, Spaniards, and Greeks, but were able to accept guest workers of these nationalities with relative equanimity. The real trouble began with the proliferation of Islamic guest workers, who not only are different in appearance, but worship apart and refuse to intermarry. In other words, they invite not only ethnicism, but racism as well. (Although never mentioned officially, the non-admission of Turkey by the European Community is largely due to a fear of massive Turkish immigration; the Turks are decent, hard-working, but unassimilable.) In Belgium—already fiercely divided between the Flemings and the French-speaking Walloons—signs appear in shop and restaurant windows: No Arabs.

But these enmities are not confined to Western Europe. A salient feature of the tremors within the Soviet Union has been the boiling up of long-simmering ethnic antagonisms into violent conflict. Latvians and Estonians against Russian immigrants, Armenians against Azerbaidzhanis and vice versa, Tadzhiks against Kirghiz, Uzbeks against Tadzhiks, Islamic Abkhazians against Christian Georgians, and all against the Russians. (The truly critical stage will be reached when the Ukrainians take up the cudgels more energetically.) Elsewhere in the Communist camp we have the oppression of Magyars by the Rumanians, of Turks and Islamized Bulgars by Communized Christian Bulgars, and of Slovenes, Croats, Albanians, and others by the Serbs in Yugoslavia.



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We have seen what encourages the spread of xenophobia in our time, but what are its deeper psychological roots? As human beings we have two tendencies: one that is "identitarian" and prompts us to seek the company of persons belonging to our own ethnic group, race, class, sex, and so forth (thus a thoroughly identitarian male dislikes women—except sexually); another that seeks diversity: we like to travel, to meet people with different backgrounds, to experience unfamiliar music, art, architecture, food. The first impulse seeks comfort and safety; the second, adventure and excitement.

Modern civilization, with its mass production of identical goods, its mass media, its well-regulated, monotonous way of life, does not make for diversity. Anyone who behaves differently is an outsider; he cannot be accepted. Karl Deutsch told us that ethnicism rests on the fact that members of any given national group feel more trustful toward another member of the same group, because they can (to a certain extent, anyway) foretell that person's reactions. This is not possible with someone from a completely different culture. Such a person is a stranger; he cannot be trusted. From there it is but a short step to regarding him as an enemy.

And with the loss of the old aristocracies, the political scene reflects popular sentiment rather than high ideals or rational thinking; when equality is the professed ideal of democrat and Communist alike, those who are different stick out all the more. New *Feindbilder* (targets for individual and collective hate) become more attractive—especially in totalitarian countries, since hate is always the result of a feeling of impotence. □



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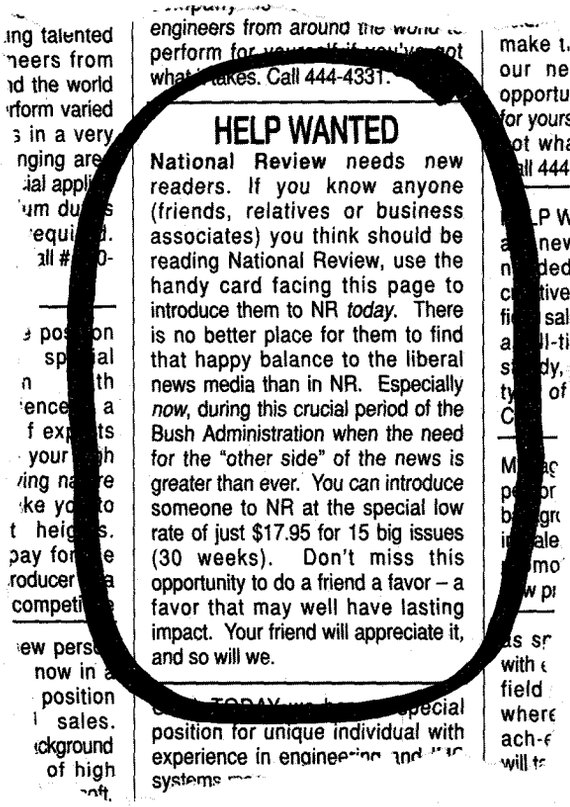

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# Welcome to the Eco Chamber

HUGH KENNER

ATOP MONTSÉGUR, south of Toulouse near the Spanish border, light and shadow, just at midsummer noon, divide—precisely, diagonally—the threshold of a huge white stone ruin. The angles of its plan point to the direction of sunrise on each of the 12 days when Helios enters a new sign. The first rays of midsummer dawn enter a small room by eastern slits, exit by aligned western ones, grazing no stone. All the building-stone to construct such an intricacy got hauled up that mountain; but by whom, and why? Well, people called "Cathars" took refuge there from "the crusade against the Albigensians." That crusade ended in 1244 when two hundred of them were extracted by siege and burned. What cult they'd cherished nobody knows for sure.

The world abounds in such places. Montségur is one of the few Umberto Eco seems to have overlooked.

Pyramid Builders, cabalists, Eleusinian Cultists, Cathars, Templars, astrologers, alchemists, Freemasons, postulants of the Golden Dawn: the list of guardians of secret knowledge seems endless. Or of groups to which such guardianship has been imputed. Did Great Pyramid measurements really encode cosmic ratios? Or did that idea come of investigative paranoia? For if there's another list comparably long, it's the list of exposers, code-breakers, linkers of one arcane sect to another. There are minds for which absolutely everything is connected to absolutely everything else. The pathology of such a mind is to sniff plots, suspect that the Templars are active still, warn us against Elders of Zion.

***Foucault's Pendulum, by Umberto Eco, translated by William Weaver (Harcourt, Brace, 641 pp., $22.95)***

About Montségur's solar lore there's little doubt. In 1954 a man named Fernand Niel published what he had learned in years of careful measuring. In effect a semiotician—practitioner of the science of signs—he'd simply thought to read the white ruin as a solar text. And it checked out. That was like deciphering the Rosetta Stone. Niel was no zany.

*Mr. Kenner is professor of English at Johns Hopkins University. His most recent book is* Mazes *(North Point).*

But zanies abound near such themes, and *Foucault's Pendulum*, whose author teaches semiotics, is a semiotic cat's-cradle about three semioticians going mad. Eventually two are dead, and the third—the narrator—is expecting assassins. (Rightly? We'll never know. Books are finite, and we're on the last page.)

One theme of the book is the threat semiotics can pose for sanity. Once everything refers to something else, all that human beings have said or done or written can imply a vast conspiracy to keep most of us from ever knowing what's going on. (Familiar instance: What's the Pentagon up to?) What happens to our trio is slightly different: while enmeshed in the game of constructing a huge semiotic joke to explain the whole of history, they suddenly find themselves believing it.

They work for a small Milanese publisher, and what gets them started is a crank with a manuscript. His name is Ardenti, and he's found a coded message. Yes, the Knights Templar did survive their alleged suppression in 1314. They hold conclaves at 120-year intervals. And right about now, with a cosmic energy source, they're set to take over the world.

Ardenti next disappears—zip—seemingly murdered, although the body a drunk concierge says he saw can't be found. A sharp cop on the case—and is *he* maybe a Templar?—weaves his way in and out of the rest of the book.

Then our publisher friends conceive a "vanity" (author pays) sideline, for which of course they'll welcome slews of submissions. To attract these, they plan to issue a huge occult text, improving on Ardenti's theme. It doesn't hurt that one of them—our narrator—is a PhD with a Templar specialty.

The two-hundred-odd pages in which this text gets elaborated form the richest part of the book. Not to be missed is Chapter 73 (of 120), in which an Irishman pseudonymed Kelley is ghosting the plays of Shakespeare, who is actually the Virgin Queen's natural son but no poet. A *prosateur*, Shakespeare is ghosting the essays Bacon is too busy to write, engaged as he is on Rosicrucian manifestoes, the title-page author of which, J. V. Andreae, is meanwhile the onlie begetter of a "Spanish" novel in English, for which Sr. Miguel Cervantes will obtain the credit, although he was merely Spanish translator. Kelley is recalling all this (and writing "Shakespeare's" last plays) in a dungeon, where Bacon, closet Templar, has had him clapped. (His cellmate, Jim Soapes, is meanwhile churning out gibberish that begins "riverrun, past Eve and Adam's," which will be published three centuries later as *Finnegans Wake*.) As his epigraph citations assure us, Eco is never quite in free-fall. A Viennese crank named Eberhoff did claim in 1917 that the English *Don Quixote* was Bacon's and preceded the Spanish. A Johann Valentin Andreae did put his name to Rosicrucian tracts.

Among thousands of proper names one could do with an index (in Italy they've published a *Dizionario del Pendolo di Foucault*). After *The Name of the Rose* made Eco affluent, he laid the ground for *Pendulum* by buying 1,500 books on occultism in ten cities, three countries, and so scrupulously has he used them that seams between invention and fact are hard to spot.

And compare what happens to our trio. That they're *making all this up* is something they remind themselves of ever more feebly, until the mesh of the semiotic world and occurrences in the world of experience grow indistinguishable. One, of Jewish blood, dies of cancer, convinced that his DNA was addled by the addling they had been freely imparting to documents. One, a Northern Italian, dies, in circumstances too intricate to outline—theatrically, horribly—of hanging by the neck from the slow-swinging wire of



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Foucault's Pendulum, in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, Paris.

And the narrator? Well, we've only his word for those lurid events in Paris, and the more we reflect on the book's early pages, the more we may wonder if he's not reached a state where he's unfit to be trusted about anything. In one wonderful sequence, his down-to-earth girlfriend spells out a sensible reading of Ardenti's document: not code at all, just a fourteenth-century grocery list. But something makes him want to judge that disappointingly thin.

Eco has remarked that the trio might as well be three CIA agents, three psychologists dealing with paranoids, three philologists attacking a semi-legible parchment, three lovers obsessed by jealousy. . . . Or even, he adds, "two lovers": each conjuring up a third?

Montségur, though, *was* "sacred to Helios." Yes, there *is* sound knowledge, and Fernand Niel never took to dreading the revenge of some Cathar underground. "Only connect," as E. M. Forster said. But keep your connections in close. □

# Mere Christianity

JAMES NUECHTERLEIN

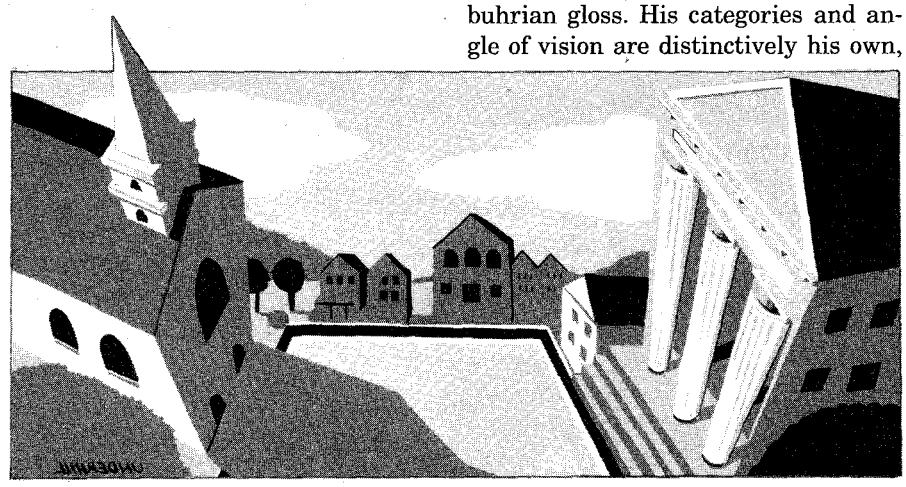
ONE TENDS TO BE wary in approaching a book on "the political meaning of Christianity." The genre leans to the tendentious: the temptation to fabricate transcendent justification for political positions

***The Political Meaning of Christianity: An Interpretation, by Glenn Tinder (Louisiana State University Press, 312 pp., $29.95)***

rooted in the mundane is more than most can withstand. Wariness edges into skepticism when, as in Professor Glenn Tinder's new book, the work takes as its starting point "the prophetic stand" and includes a section on "social transformation." Such language prepares the reader for a left-wing catechism in which the highest truths of the Christian faith are manipulated in the service of dubious liberationist fantasies.

It is a pleasure to report that this book leaves such expectations entirely unmet. This is a non-polemical treatment of a subject fraught with polemical potential. There can be no higher praise for such a book than that, as is true here, the reader comes away from it uncertain as to the precise nature of the author's own political position.

Tinder's fundamental argument is that Christian faith ought to make a radical difference to one's politics—



Gary Underhill

but that no one can derive from that general proposition a detailed outline of the form that radical difference should take. The reason for such political ambiguity rests in the ambiguous nature of the Christian judgment on the nature of the human condition. Christians know that men and women at once partake of the noblest destiny and wallow in the basest depravity. We are created by God and redeemed and restored in Him, even as we are indelibly marked and morally degraded by original sin. The extraordinary complexity of Christian politics resides in its double-minded nature, in its paradoxical and finely balanced claim that, as Tinder compellingly puts it, "all are sacred and none are good." That makes things complicated, and Tinder, to his credit, refuses to uncomplicate them.

Not all Christians find the political implications of their faith as tortuously ambiguous as Tinder does. His is not a sectarian approach—indeed, one senses in him the impulse to a "mere Christianity" in the style of C. S. Lewis—but he does come out of a professed "Reformation," as opposed to "Catholic," tradition (he uses the quotation marks throughout). Those are not the most felicitous terms—"Augustinian" would be more precisely descriptive of Tinder's position than "Reformation"—but they do suggest the relevant differing emphases within the Christian tradition. Tinder's is the strain that takes with radical seriousness the implications of humanity's fallen condition. (To declare a theological interest, my own Lutheran understanding of the Christian message resonates closely with that of the author.)

Tinder is very much in the tradition of Reinhold Niebuhr, but his argument constitutes more than a Niebuhrian gloss. His categories and angle of vision are distinctively his own, though he modestly denies originality in intent or prescription. That modesty is attractive; indeed, one of this book's great virtues is that it is Christian not merely in substance but in style. Tinder is intellectually tough-minded, but he is never arrogant or insistent. He treats those of other persuasions—inside and outside the Christian faith—with charity and civility, and he maintains an irenic tone. He employs his footnotes not, as is so often the case in such works, to carry on guerrilla warfare with ideological adversaries but to anchor his argument in the tradition: almost three-quarters of his citations are from the Bible. There is, all in all, a kind of audacious Christian innocence to Tinder's approach.

His "prophetic stance" is at once humane and engaged, yet hesitant and detached. The sense of human nobility stems not, as in the Enlightenment tradition, from innate or acquired human qualities but from a sublime destiny—a true exaltation—bestowed

*Mr. Nuechterlein is the editor of* First Things, *a new monthly journal published by the Institute on Religion and Public Life in New York City.*



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on us by our Creator. The Christian concept of love (*agape*)—unconditional devotion to the other—finds its roots in the nature of God: it is a gift of grace flowing from divine forgiveness rather than human virtue. Our dignity depends not on what we achieve but on what God imputes to us, and we are exalted not on the basis of what we are but on what, in eternity, we one day shall be.

Our exaltation in no way mitigates our fundamental perversity—our willed estrangement from God—or our own culpability for what, in fact, we are. However "underivable and inexplicable" our condition of sin might be, it is not something from which we can displace blame onto nature or society. Our guilt, finally, is our own—a condition against which all of us can find plausible theoretical objections but which we all sense existentially to be true.

The paradox of the human situation makes for the paradox of our politics. Respect for the exalted individual requires respect for liberty. It demands tolerance and persuasion, not coercion, in the search for community. It looks to ever-expanded conditions of freedom and equality, to the extension of democracy (a political system, whatever its flaws, more consistent than any other with Christian liberty), to "social transformation" in the sense of a continuing redress of particular social injustices and a perpetual discontent with things as they are, especially with respect to the condition of those least advantaged (as Tinder notes, while poverty chosen for oneself is a Christian virtue, that is not so for the poverty of others).

And yet if Christians approach others, even in the political realm, with radical and unqualified love, they do so without illusions. They know that freedom will turn to license, and that license cannot be unlimited. They know that no human society can approximate true community and that all societies require the exercise of power. They know that while some societies are better than others, none meets the ideal of justice—not just because of human fallibility, but because the multiple ends of justice often conflict in practice and remain incommensurable one with the other. Above all, Christians know that while they must in some sense remain rebels against current conditions, they can never be revolutionaries in secular terms since the secular revolutionary imagination presupposes the possibility of a transformed human condition that Christians understand to be contrary to fact. All of which means that if Christians are in the nature of things chronic critics, forever distanced from the established order, they are also uncertain allies of the anti-establishment. They know, as Augustine knew, that on earth Christians have no abiding city, and that, as perennial sojourners and strangers, they are never in political matters either "fully committed or entirely reliable."

Paradox pushed too far ends up in paralysis. Whatever our uncertainties and apprehensions of ambiguity, we must, finally, act. Tinder opts, in the end, for a form of Christian radicalism, one that, for all its Niebuhrian inhibitions, comes down on the activist side of Christian paradox. He grounds that decision in a sense of eschatological hope, one that knows its fulfillment looks to eternity but that relies on it as well to inform historical reality. Fair enough. But one can, on Tinder's own analysis, make a persuasive and contrary case that Christian doctrine offers not even that modest a prescription for political action, that, assuming always a genuine concern for the condition of others, we are left to rely on prudence and experience for political guidance. If that is so, perhaps even Professor Tinder would grant the possibility that, on a fair reading of his own evidence, the most appropriate political position at which a Christian might arrive would be not a subdued radicalism but a non-ideological conservatism. □

# Perestroika's Entrepreneurs

ED RUBENSTEIN

PERESTROIKA will fail, not because of bureaucratic inertia or the second thoughts of Communist hard-liners or the paucity of Western investment, consumer goods, or technology. The fatal flaw, so this argument goes, ultimately lies in the Russian people themselves: they simply lack the talent and entrepreneurial drive, not to mention the technological know-how, to succeed in business, no matter how enticing the financial rewards for that success might become. In this respect they have much in common with the rest of Eastern Europe, perhaps excepting the Hungarians, but differ sharply from the Chinese, whose centuries-long exposure to Yankee traders has given them the business savvy required to pull off a successful economic restructuring (if they ever get the chance).

***Communist Entrepreneurs: Unknown Innovators in the Global Economy, by John Kiser (Franklin Watts, 225 pp., $19.95)***

Perhaps. *Communist Entrepreneurs* is not a systematic survey of entrepreneurship behind the Iron Curtain. Nor does it examine the larger question of cultural or ethnic predispositions toward business and technology. John Kiser is himself a businessman (of what nationality we never learn) who for more than a decade has scouted the Eastern Bloc for new technology, helping scientists and businessmen sell their patents and trade secrets to Western corporations. The entrepreneurs crossed his path somewhere along the way. Each of them—the three Russians, four Hungarians, three Czechs, and one East German—parlayed their technical or managerial brilliance into commercial success long before *perestroika* legitimized this sort of activity.

Indeed, one of them can justifiably claim to be the role model for *perestroika*. In the early 1970s Vladimir Kabaidze battled both the bureaucracy and his own employees in order to transform the Ivanovo Machine Tool Amalgamation, which had been slated to remain a sleepy backwater of light industry, into one of the most sophisticated production facilities in the Soviet Union. His strategy? In an egregious breach of bureaucratic etiquette he went directly to Ivanovo's customers (mainly defense plants and Zil Automobile), asked them what they wanted, showed them what he could do for them under a new plant configuration, and persuaded them to give him part of their hard currency



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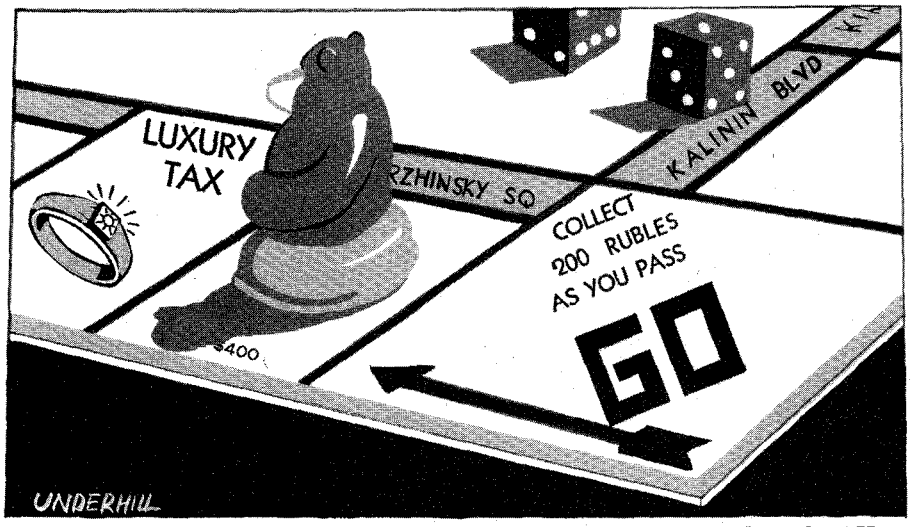

Gary Underhill

allocations. Thus was he able to purchase the necessary foreign computer-controlled equipment, circumventing the recalcitrant Ministry of Machine Tools and Tooling.

The plan worked. The Ivanovo complex now employs 35,000 workers, is the nation's only producer of re-programmable assembly lines, and is one of a handful of Soviet industrial enterprises that export to Japan and West Germany. And Kabaidze now has a soapbox for his brand of social Darwinism: "Export is the most cruel form of competition. Only through struggle do you get strong. The Soviet market is too easy; you can sell everything. If people don't struggle they die. This is life."

Statements like that, together with his reputation as a successful maverick, got him invited to meet Gorbachev only ten days after he took power, and Kabaidze is now reported to be a top economic advisor.

Then there is Albert Kauls, former tractor mechanic, now head of a 4,500-member agricultural cooperative that lists among its many perks its own school system and gymnasium. Svyatoslav Fyodorov is an ophthalmologist whose institute does 25,000 eye operations each year, the patients literally moving along on conveyer belts. (The technique is so efficient that his scrub nurses earn more than the average Soviet worker.) Manfred Von Ardenne is an East German physicist whom Beria personally forced to work on the atom bomb; his Institute of Special Beam Research now exports state-of-the-art electronic welding equipment to Japan. Otto Wichterle is the Czech chemist who invented the soft contact lens in his kitchen. Elizabeth Birman, once employed in the foreign-trade department of the National Bank of Hungary, is now president of her own venture-capital company. Ferenc Darvas is the Hungarian who developed computer software to predict the toxicity of new chemicals, and whose company, Compudrug, lists the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency among its clients. Horatio Algers they are not. These are, after all, *Communist* entrepreneurs. Not one owns the enterprise he created. They cannot just up and sell the business to the highest bidder. At best they have some flexibility in setting their wages and those of their co-workers. Although they are clearly better off than most of their fellow citizens, they remain, as the author says, "paupers" compared to their Western counterparts.

This egalitarian ethos may well be *perestroika*'s undoing. After all, how many productive individuals are there in any society—Western or Communist—whose drive to succeed rests primarily on ego satisfaction or idealism or a desire to make things work? Although Gorbachev has come out against the traditional "wage leveling" instinct, public-opinion polls indicate that most Soviet workers think the state is obligated to prevent private-sector workers from prospering while those in the public enterprises fall behind.

Yet Gorbachev's greatest obstacle to economic reform and to the unleashing of entrepreneurism—passivity—may also be his greatest asset:

> Should *perestroika* and *glasnost* produce more quality goods and services without Western-style democracy, the likelihood is high that most Soviet citizens will continue to adapt to a system which severely limits political choice. As nearly 50 per cent of the citizens of the United States routinely do not bother to exercise their right to vote in national elections and fewer in local ones, there is little reason to think that a people unaccustomed to having any political choices will feel deprived by not having that right offered.

It is telling, and unfortunate, that none of Kiser's entrepreneurs seems to have expressed disagreement with that statement. □

# On a Dime

ALEX LANE

THE TURNING POINT takes a look at the Soviet "experiment" in economics, examines what didn't work and why, and suggests how *perestroika* can help avoid mistakes in the future. The title reflects the belief of the authors—both of them Soviet economists—that the Soviet Union is at an historic crossroad.

***The Turning Point: Revitalizing the Soviet Economy, by Nikolai Shmelev and Vladimir Popov (Doubleday, 312 pp., $22.95)***

Early on in the book Shmelev and Popov dutifully assert their commitment to Soviet socialism, and warn us to read no further if we expect to see hostile analysis. Be that as it may, their analysis is eye-opening. They find the roots of Lenin's New Economic Policy (NEP) in the centralized, totalitarian measures of "war Communism," and conclude that while war Communism bound the economy in chains, it also saved cities from starvation. All in all, the authors conclude that the NEP was a good thing, and they believe it is a rich source of experience that can guide present-day reforms.

The authors then detail the tremendous waste and inefficiency inherent in the directive planning imposed

*Mr. Lane is an engineer living in Jacksonville, Florida.*



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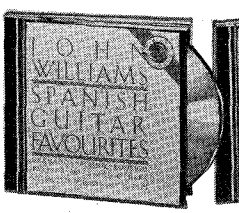
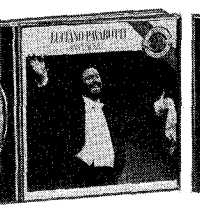
# CLASSIC

**Jean-Pierre Rampal**—Music, My Love (CBS Master.) 383·349

**Mahler:** Symphony No.2 "*Resurrection.*" *Gilbert* Kaplan, London Symphony(MCA Classics) 376·517/396·515



**John Williams**—Spanish *Guitar Favorites* (CBS Master.) 378·646



**Luciano Pavarotti**—*Pavarotti in Concert* (CBS Master.) 373·548

**Portrait of Wynton Marsalis** (CBS Master.) 373·555

# TAKE ANY 8 COMPACT

**Placido Domingo**—At The Philharmonic (CBS Master.) 379·289

**Liszt:** Piano Sonata; 3 Petrarca Sonnets; more. Vladimir Feltsman, Piano (CBS Master.) 388·538

**Yo-Yo Ma/Stephane Grapelli**—Anything Goes. *Mostly Cole Porter Tunes* (CBS) 387·845

**Placido Domingo**—The Unknown Puccini (CBS Master.) 387·829

**Samuel Ramey**—Opera Arias (Angel) 387·761

**Liszt:** Hungarian Rhapsodies. Zubin Mehta and Israel Philharmonic (CBS Master.) 386·607

**Philip Glass:** Solo Piano(CBS Masterworks) 386·581

**Bob James**—J.S.Bach: *Concertos For 2 & 3* Keyboards & Synthorn. Guher & Suher Pekinel, Pianos (CBS Masterworks) 386·565

**CBS Masterworks Dinner Classics**—The Viennese Album (CBS Master.) 386·508

**Stravinsky:** Firebird; Jeu de Cartes. Esa-Pekka Salonen, Philharmonia (CBS Master.) 385·203

**Sibelius:** Symphonies Nos. 3 & 7. Simon Rattle, Birmingham Symphony (Angel) 385·146

**The King's Singers**—20th Anniversary Celebration Sampler (Angel) 385·021

**Mozart:** Flute Concertos; Adante; Rondo. Jean-Pierre Rampal And Zubin Mehta, Israel Phil. (CBS Master.) 383·364

**Haydn:** Piano Sonatas 33, 38, 58, 60. *Emanuel Ax* (CBS Master.) 383·331

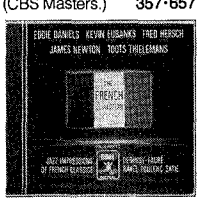
**Rachmaninoff:** Piano Concerto No. 3; Rhapsody On Theme Of Paganini. Vladimir Feltsman; Zubin Mehta, Israel Philharm. (CBS Master.) 383·315

**Barber:** Adagio For Strings; "The School For Scandal" Overture; etc. Slatkin, St. Louis Sym. (Angel) 383·307

**Sibelius:** Symphony No. 5. Esa-Pekka Salonen and *Philharmonia Orchestra* (CBS Master.) 358·135

**Tchaikovsky Waltzes**—Comissiona, Houston Sym. (Pro Arte) 357·871

**Beethoven:** Piano Conc. No. 5. Perahia; Haitink, *Concertgebouw* Orch. (CBS Masters.) 357·657



**The French Collection**—Jazz Impressions Of French Classics by Ravel, Debussy, Faure, Poulenc, Satie (Angel) 386·623

**Bach:** Brandenberg Concertos; etc. Ransom Wilson, Gerald Schwarz, L.A. Chamber Or.(Angel) 372·367/392·365

**Lotte Lenya**—The Lotte Lenya Album (CBS Master.) 371·138

**Lotte Lenya Sings Kurt Weill.** 3 Penny Opera, etc. (CBS Master.) 371·112

**Gershwin:** American In Paris; Cuban Overture; etc. Slatkin, St. Louis Sym. (Angel) 371·096

***The Bernstein Songbook*** —selections from West Side Story, On The Town, etc. Bernstein cond. (CBS) 371·088

**Leonard Bernstein, Conductor**—The Encore Collection, Vol. I (CBS Master.) 371·047

**Rimsky-Korsakov:** Scheherazade; Russian Easter Over.; Mehta, Israel Phil. (CBS Master.) 371·021

**John Arpin**—Scott Joplin's Greatest Hits (Fanfare/ProArte) 370·221

**Schumann:** Symphonies Nos. 1 (Spring) and 4. *Comissiona, Houseton* Sym.(Pro Arte) 369·850

**John Williams**—The Baroque Album (CBS Master.) 369·769

**Claude Bolling:** Bolling's Greatest Hits(CBS) 369·751

**Mozart:** Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; **Pachelbel:** Canon; more. Marriner, Academy Of St. Martins-In-The-Fields(Angel) 367·375

**Gershwin:** Rhapsody In Blue; etc. Tilson Thomas, *L.A. Philharmonic* (CBS Masters.) 339·226

**Mozart:** Symphonies Nos. 40 & 41 (Jupiter). Kubelik, Bavarian Radio Symphony (CBS Master.) 339·044

**Chopin:** Inpromptus; Barcarolle; Berceuse; etc. Murray Perahia, piano (CBS Master.) 337·550

**Bach:** Sonatas For Flute & Harpsichord (cpl); more. Rampal, Pinnock.(CBS Master.) 336·578/396·572

**Maria Callas**—The Unknown Recordings 1957-1969 (Angel) 364·596

**Brahms:** Piano Concerto No. 1. *Peter Serkin;* Robert Shaw, Atlanta Sym.(Pro Arte) 363·127

**Dvorak:** Violin Concerto; Romance; Carnival Over. Midori; Mehta, NY Phil. (CBS Master.) 386·573

**Brahms:** Double Concerto. Isaac Stern, Yo-Yo Ma; Abbado, Chicago Sym.(CBS Master.)367·250

**Mendelssohn:** Violin Concerto; **Saint-Saens;** Intr. & Rondo Capriccioso; **Massenet:** Meditation. Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg (Angel) 366·872

**Gilbert & Sullivan:** H.M.S. Pinafore. Phipps, New Sadler's Wells Opera Chorus & Orch.(MCA Classics) 366·831/396·838

**Canadian Brass**—Bach: Art Of The Fugue (CBS Master.) 366·740

**Beethoven:** Symphony No. 9. Norrington, The *London Classical* Players(Angel) 365·619

**Placido Domingo**—A Love Until the End of Time (CBS) 365·262

**Vladimir Feltsman**—American "Live" Debut (CBS Master.) 365·254/395·251

**Verdi:** Requiem. Muti, Pavarotti; Chorus & Orch. of Teatro Alla Scala(Angel) 365·247/395·244

**Wynton Marsalis**—Baroque Music For Trumpets. (CBS Master.) 364·695

**Copland:** Clarinet Concerto; Quiet City; Music *For The Theatre; more.* Schwarz, N.Y: Chamber Sym.(Angel) 383·299

**Mendelssohn:** Symphony No. 4 (Italian); Overture & Incidental Music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mackerras, Orch. Of The Age Of Enlight. (Virgin Classics) 383·190

**Beethoven:** Symphony No. 3 (Eroica). Norrington, London Classical Players(Angel) 382·754

**Great Sopranos Of Our Time** (Angel) 381·335

**Great Tenors Of Our Time** (Angel) 381·319

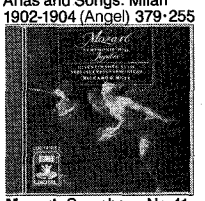
**Barber:** Symphony No. 2; more. A. Schenck, New Zealand Symphony (Stradivari Class.) 380·014

**Portrait Of Yo-Yo Ma** (CBS Master.) 379·941

**Canadian Brass**—Gabrieli, Monteverdi —*Antiphonal Music* (CBS Master.) 379·933

**Andres Segovia, Guitar**—Segovia Collection, Vol. 5 (MCA Classics) 379·297

**Enrico Caruso**—Opera Arias and Songs. Milan 1902-1904 (Angel) 379·255



**Mozart:** Symphony No.41 *(Jupiter); Divertimento* No.1,K136. Muti, Berlin Phil.(Angel) 386·466

**Beethoven:** Complete Sonatas For Piano & Cello. Yo-Yo Ma, Emanuel Ax(CBS Master.) 362·913/392·910

**Andres Segovia Collection, Vol. 1.** Music by Bach (MCA Classics) 362·293

**The Jazz Album**—Simon Rattle, London Sinfonietta; Peter Donohoe, piano; Harvey & The Wallbangers. A Delight! (Angel) 362·004

**Paul O'Dette**—Robin Is To The Greenwood Gone. Elizabethan Lute Music (Nonesuch) 361·758

**Gilbert & Sullivan:** Highlights from "The Mikado" English National Opera (MCA Classics) 359·968

**Gershwin:** Overtures. J. McGlinn And The New Princess Theatre Orch. (Angel) 359·752

**Tchaikovsky:** Violin Concerto; etc. Zukerman; *Mehta, Israel Philhar.* (CBS Master.) 336·461

**Debussy:** La Mer; Three Nocturnes. Andre Previn, London Symphony(Angel) 335·679

**Beethoven:** Overtures (Fidelio; Leonore No.3; more). Tennstedt, London Phil.(Angel) 335·075

**Tchaikovsky:** Suites From *The Ballets:* Swan Lake & Sleeping Beauty. Muti, Philadelphia Orch.(Angel) 334·680

**Mahler:** Symphony No. 4. Kathleen Battle, Soprano; Lorin Maazel, Vienna Phil.(CBS Master.) 332·866

**Brahms:** Symphony No. 1. Tennstedt, London Philhar.(Angel) 332·668

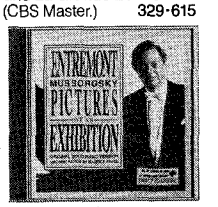
**Bizet:** Carmen and L'Arlesienne Suites 1 & 2. Ozawa, Orch. Nat'l De France(Angel) 331·595

**Prokofiev:** Peter & The Wolf; **Saint-Sains:** Carnival Of The Animals. I Perlman; K&M Labeque; Mehta, Israel Philharmonic (Angel) 331·322

**Mozart's Greatest *Hits*—*Theme From* Elvira** Madigan; Rondo Alla Turca; more. Various artists (CBS Master.) 330·613

**Wagner:** Overtures. Tannhauser; Lohengrin; Die Meistersinger; more. Tennstedt, Berlin *Phil.*(Angel) 330·134

**Handel:** Water Music. Jean-Claude Malgoire and La Grande Ecurie (CBS Master.) 329·615



**Mussorgsky:** Pictures At An Exhibition. The Original Piano Version *and* The Ravel Orchestration. Philippe Entremont (Pro Arte) 385·187

**Vladimir Horowitz Plays Schumann:** Toccata; etc. (CBS Master.) 357·236

**Brahms:** Piano Pieces, Op. 76 & 119; Fantasies Op. 116. Richard Goode(Nonesuch) 357·145

**Kiri Te Kanawa** Sings Gershwin(Angel) 359·745

**Mozart:** Symphonies No. 35 (Haffner); No. 36 *(Linz); No. 32. Saraste,* Scottish Chamber Orch. (Virgin Classics) 376·814

**Ravel:** Bolero; Rapsodie Espagnole; Ma Mere L'Oye. Thomas, London Sym.(CBS Master.)376·772

**Andre Watts At Carnegie Hall**—25th Anniversary Recital. Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Brahms (Angel) 376·053

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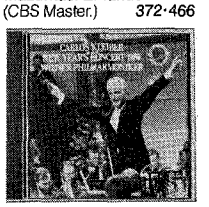

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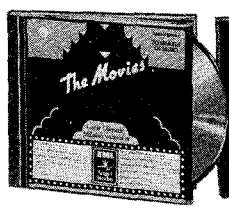


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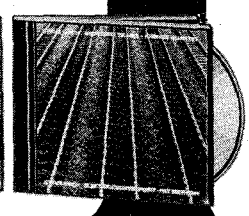

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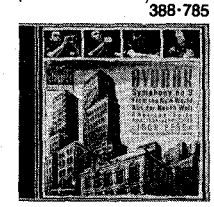

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## RIGHT BOOKS

■ If you were a white South African businessman, one with entrepreneurial proclivities and without racist blinders, you might very well *despise* apartheid. You'd realize how surely the system picks your pocket. Because that nation's black majority is unable to function actively as either a profit-aiding consumer market or as a cost-reducing labor market, whites receive diminished return on investment, and spend more to acquire goods and services; that's the cost of protecting white "privilege." The mechanisms of this protectionism are at the heart of apartheid, and they define, as Walter E. Williams summarizes in the title of his new book, *South Africa's War against Capitalism* (Praeger, 160 pp., $37.95).

This "war" is a part of South African history. Both J. C. Smuts and J. B. M. Herzog, two of South Africa's leading statesmen in the first half of this century, saw apartheid as the bulwark in a struggle against the "tyranny" of capitalism. More recent South African leaders have learned to soften anti-capitalist rhetoric, and to emphasize the "struggle" against the Communist leanings of the African National Congress. Professor Williams traces the economic history of apartheid, concluding that it "has been an attack on free markets and the rights of individuals, and a glorification of centralized government power."

But does it work? Yes and no. About 50 per cent of South African industries fudge apartheid restrictions in order to operate more efficiently, and such responses to market forces as have managed to flourish are in large measure responsible for the advances made by blacks, coloreds, and Asians. The market will probably be the death of apartheid, which is why disinvestment has been such a debacle for blacks and, in some ways, a boon to Afrikaners. American proponents of sanctions and disinvestment (Jesse and Teddy) ignore the very positive effects foreign companies have had in diminishing the reality of apartheid.

Some examples demonstrate how wrong-headed liberal good intentions (which, remember, pave the road to hell) have been: The twenty-year-old UN embargo on arms sales has succeeded in creating a booming arms industry in South Africa, thus strengthening its police powers. And the pullout of American and European corporations has meant that white South Africans have been able to acquire enterprises at deeply discounted prices, and have then been able to run the companies without regard for the free-market principles which were the hallmarks of the former American and European managers.

In the book's best chapter, "Apartheid: Rhetoric versus Reality," Williams observes that the "protection of white workers from open market competition with blacks was a costly proposition. . . . [W]age differentials . . . gave business considerable inducement to find ways to substitute black for white labor." The economic protection of whites produced—and it is ever thus in any "planned" system—unintended consequences. Most paradoxically, it created, sub rosa and de facto, the opposite of its intent: demand and opportunity for black labor. The market's momentum is unstoppable, and yet apartheid laws endure. Many whites refuse to do "*kaffirwerk*" at the very time when blacks, for market-oriented reasons, are making inroads into previously restricted areas of labor and enterprise. (Will white South Africans become redundant when, finally, *all* work is *kaffirwerk*?) "Governments can legislate market restrictions," Williams writes, "but—try as they may—governments cannot legislate market forces completely out of existence." No, they cannot. American liberals might have helped end apartheid had they recognized the transforming power of markets, even when the markets aren't wholly free.

■ A fact you may not have known, from libertarian Jerome Tuccille's new book, *Rupert Murdoch* (Donald I. Fine, 288 pp., $19.95): "No single individual has ever wielded as much power over the media as Rupert Murdoch does today." More than Hearst? More than Pulitzer? Yes, and by a long way. Murdoch is almost surely the most successful media tycoon in history; his empire, which, in more than one hundred concerns, encompasses movies (20th Century Fox), magazines (*TV Guide*), books (Harper & Row), newspapers (*The Times* of London), and television (Fox Broadcasting), is valued at $12 billion. Adjusted to 1990 dollars, the Hearst empire was worth about $700 million, while Pulitzer's was a measly $300 million. Such comparisons are fundamentally silly, of course, but another statistic strikes more to the heart of the matter: In the two decades since Murdoch moved his operations from Australia to England and then to America, he has increased the value of his holdings 240-fold.

■ We jumped the gun in last year's Special Spring–Summer Books Issue (June 2). Joseph Sobran reviewed *Ghosts on the Roof: Selected Journalism of Whittaker Chambers, 1931-1959*, edited by Terry Teachout (Regnery Gateway, 256 pp., $19.95), but the book has only just been published. In his review, Mr. Sobran wrote that this collection finally gives us Chambers without Hiss: "Most of these pieces belong to the Forties, the years between his defection from Communism and the controversy that ended his career as a journalist. His real career, in fact, lasted only a decade . . ." The book includes pieces on "Joyce, Santayana, Kafka, and Charles Beard, light pieces on travel books and movies (*Ninotchka*, *The Grapes of Wrath*)," and, of course, the famous (or infamous, depending upon one's view of Ayn Rand) *NR* review of *Atlas Shrugged*.

Mr. Sobran thought the famous Chambers *gloom* conspicuously missing in the Teachout selections. "The general tone is one of steady, mild good humor—never optimistic, to be sure, but more often wry than solemn. Knowing all the harm 'new ideas' could do, Chambers was hospitable to them anyway, because in the modern world there is no turning back, and because he simply found them fascinating."

—Brad Miner

by Stalin when he did away with the economic incentives and income-disposition methods of the NEP, and set upon a course of industrialization by forced expropriation. They discuss the legacies of departmentalism and not-invented-here biases that cripple technological progress. They describe the attitudes that run counter to the idea of "division of labor," and lead to massive duplication of facilities (for example, collective farms attached to tractor factories). Finally, the authors berate the neo-feudal practice of contributing laborers for causes ranging anywhere from road construction to potato harvesting.

After exhaustively analyzing the effect of central directive planning on the Soviet economy, the authors conclude that "the most reasonable principle by which to organize any complex social economy, be it capitalist or socialist, can only be the market." The force of this conclusion lies not in the words, which only express what free-market advocates have known for a



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long time, but in the speakers. While not official Soviet voices, the authors are nonetheless authoritative ones.

Shmelev and Popov argue for complete commitment to *perestroika*, which is seen as a return to Leninist norms of economic management. However, they say, *perestroika* has only a year or two to effect changes in Soviet society before it will succumb to apathy, disappointment, and mistrust. Several hurdles must be cleared before *perestroika* will be generally accepted: strong, often open, resistance from bureaucrats (particularly in agriculture and industry); fear on the part of consumers that needed price reforms bode ill for their pocketbooks; and social inertia resulting from generations of subservience to "the top," as well as from fear of transition.

A set of concrete actions are proposed to promote *perestroika*: increase imports of consumer goods, even if it means selling gold reserves; reduce confiscatory taxes on new enterprises and allow greater foreign participation in them; institute meaningful reforms by uprooting the bureaucracy from agriculture and industry; and close the gap between the Soviet and world economies by establishing a convertible ruble. While these measures might sound altogether reasonable to the Western observer, they are indeed radical in the context of Soviet experience.

The key? Bureaucracy. Shmelev and Popov have a profound disdain for it, and argue that bureaucratic barriers to *perestroika* can only be overcome by taking bureaucrats out of the business of economic regulation, and by allowing the decision-making process to be as democratic as possible.

The book's discussion of economic statistics is enlightening, and confirms what most people already suspected: numbers coming out of the Soviet Union have been distorted, often by an order of magnitude. Shmelev and Popov guide the reader through several examples, using tables and charts to demonstrate how, in some cases, published statistics are blatantly contradictory.

Can the Soviet Union break free of its stultifying bureaucracy and restructure itself as a socialist market economy? Who can tell? That it must break free is clear. Central planning is a dead end. □

## ART

# False Witness

JAMES GARDNER

Whether or not $10,000 of taxpayers' money should have gone to "Witnesses," the exhibition of AIDS-related art at New York's Artists Space, which runs through January 6, is ultimately one of the less important questions that the show raises, and so it will be dealt with first.

Because AIDS is real and because it afflicts real human beings, many of them in the arts, it is not unreasonable that a show like this should have been mounted, nor that it should have sought and received government funding. The show is serious in intent, and except for one or two photographs that some might find objectionable, it aims neither to shock nor to titillate. As for inherent artistic merit, suffice it to say that the works do not fall below the NEA's standards (but then, what does?), and that if the NEA were ever to apply judiciously the criterion of merit, it probably could not find cause to distribute more than 5 per cent of its budget.

But it is one thing to say that the NEA may legitimately fund this show, and quite another to say that it may not, without practicing censorship, legitimately withhold funds. How many times does it need to be stated that the government never sought to prohibit the display of these works of art, only that it questioned, for a moment, the necessity of its sponsoring them? The apodeictic stridency with which this reservation has been attacked reflects no credit upon the organizers of "Witness." Most of you will not have seen the show, and, *a fortiori*, will not have paid your $5 to get in, nor another $5 for a catalogue. If the government is guilty of censorship, then so are you.

Though the whole affair was badly handled by the dithering and irresolute John Frohnmayer, the NEA's new director, the result is just about what it should have been all along. All $10,000 will go to the show, which is not objectionable, and nothing will go to the show's catalogue, which is. Included in the catalogue are several essays attacking the very institution of government and of the free state; advocating, among other things, that Senator Helms be doused with gasoline and set on fire, and that Representative Dannemeyer be thrown off the Empire State Building. No self-respecting government has ever subsidized its declared enemies. No self-respecting enemy should ever ask it to do any such thing.

Though AIDS afflicts several portions of the population, it is surely because of the disease's devastation of the male homosexual community that this show has been mounted, and that AIDS is seen as a serious issue at all. The numbing dourness that fills the galleries of Artists Space is quite unlike anything one will encounter in the normal run of going to exhibitions. As people come in off the street, they seem to shed their usual urban aggressiveness, as though weighed down by the consciousness that they are guilty of some vague and ill-defined transgression. Their uneasiness is caused by the fact that they are healthy in the midst of this bizarre and as yet incurable affliction. They allow their voices to rise hardly above a whisper, and their feet tread softly for fear of disturbing the funereal stillness of these rooms.

In the circumstances the art is not required to be good, and most of it is not good. One artist whose work stands out is Greer Lankton, who has fashioned from rough cloth some very grisly and realistic renderings of charred and mutilated desquamations and dismembered torsos. Shellburne Thurber's wide-angle photographs of empty motel rooms succeed to some degree in producing a sense of the vacancy that AIDS leaves in its path, and give a new meaning to the ineffaceable banalities of daily life, which goes on in spite of everything. Two other artists who should be mentioned in the way of praise are Vittorio Scarpati and Jo Shane. Scarpati, who died of AIDS this past year, created on his deathbed a series of simple pen-and-ink drawings that include legends like WHAT HAPPENED TO MY LUNGS / I DO NOT



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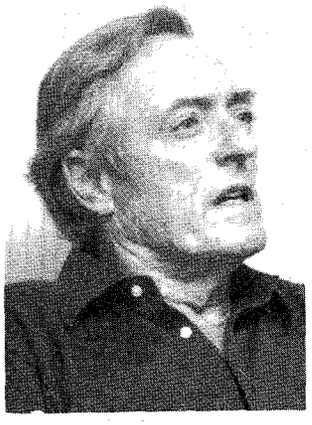
KNOW, and that are moving in virtue of their unflinching directness. Shane's mixed-media conceptual sculptures consist of hospital night-tables on which are photographs of the dead as they were before the disease set in. To see these images, glowing with perfect health and camping happiness, brings to mind that line of Milton's: "Far other once beheld in bliss!" Most of the works are not as effective, and some are simply banal or pointless. None, however, is as asinine as "Yield (the body)," by Dorit Cypis. For no discernible reason, other than rampant exhibitionism, she has stripped naked and photographed herself (and had three other women photograph her) 29 times.

To this critic, only a few works are of a more objectionable nature, although none for reasons of obscenity. Consider the grainy self-portrait of Mark Morrisroe, who died this past year at age thirty, in which he peers out at the viewer from what is to become his deathbed. What is disturbing is the appended text, in which he speaks of carving into his leg the words EVEN NURSES MURDERED ME. He speaks of having written a note which he "greased up. . . and stuffed in my a------ so they would find it during my autopsy. . . ." In a kindred spirit, David Wojnarowicz, the author of the most offensive essay in the show's catalogue, has a lackluster photograph of what look like prison bars, within which is the graffiti slogan, "Fight AIDS / Kill a quere." It is titled "amerika."

These works, and others like them, underscore the newly disruptive and anti-rational anger that gay-rights activists have taken on lately. Most recently this has been manifested in their march on St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Not only did they shout slogans in front of the cathedral while Cardinal O'Connor was conducting Mass within, as is their right, but they angrily stormed the building, lay down in the aisles, and harassed the worshippers. Since gay rights are often leagued with right-minded libertarianism, this gross incivility requires some explanation. To their own anarchic minds, the monstrous affliction from which their community suffers has justified the extremity of their militancy. But this militancy itself underscores a far deeper frustration, namely the grotesque meaninglessness of their deaths. If they must die, they wish to die for something. And yet there is no glory in being martyr to a microbe. Looking around desperately for some nemesis whom they may at least hold responsible, they think they have found it at last in Republicans and Roman Catholics, though their slanders do not stop there. According to their spastic ratiocination, because a Republican President is in power, because the government is seen as not doing enough to build AIDS shelters and to bring drugs to AIDS sufferers, it is the government that has caused and willed AIDS to wreak its present devastation. Because Cardinal O'Connor criticized AIDS-education courses in elementary schools, he is responsible for all the deaths from AIDS that have occurred in New York State. Even Mayor Koch, by not yielding to all the demands of the militant wing of the gay-rights movement, is regu-

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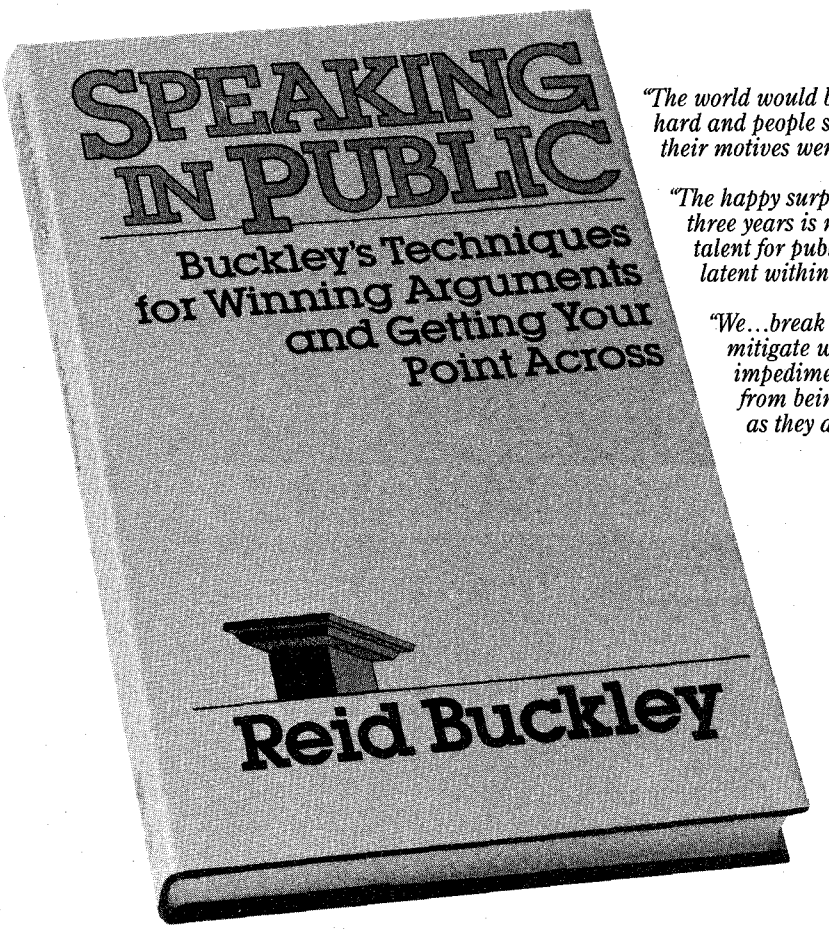


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larly equated, naturally, with Adolf Hitler.

As a result of this, an obscenely reckless martyrology has risen up in the homosexual community, obscene because it justifies itself only by assailing the innocent. As always there have been those susceptible souls who have fallen for this line of reasoning. They would agree with Murray Kempton, who in a recent issue of the *New York Daily News* resorted to iambic pentameter when he wrote that "Witnesses" has "restored for us the face of martyrdom." Like Nat Hentoff, they accuse John Frohnmayer of "keeping alive Stalin's approach to art." In fact, neither censure nor blame is relevant in the context of this absurd affliction, and that is what the militant gay-rights activists will not accept. They lack the intelligence and integrity to see that AIDS is but one way in which death, in the form of a frigidly neutral nature, has been visited upon the latest generation of humanity. The tragedy of AIDS is that people—members, like the rest of us, of the human race—have died in the prime of their lives. The attempt of the radical wing of gay activism to turn these deaths into martyrdoms and to reduce them to a political issue, to the shame and detriment of the living, has merely vulgarized the purely human fate of the victims. Recalling a line of Dylan Thomas, it has "murdered the mankind of their going." □

## FILM

# From Santa's Junk Shop

JOHN SIMON

MUCH AS I dislike sketchy overviews from an Olympian altitude, the spate of movies opening in a short space, like the even shorter space at my disposal, compels me to this foreshortening.

*Valmont*, Miloš Forman and Jean-Claude Carrière's abominable "free" adaptation of *Les Liaisons dangereuses*, manages to go even Stephen Frears and Christopher Hampton's incompetent *Dangerous Liaisons* much more than one worse. Choderlos de Laclos's black masterpiece has been turned into a slaphappy diversion for stoned teenyboppers and tired businessmen lusting for as much soft-core titillation as the presence of their wives will allow. So, for instance, we get Annette Bening taking a bath, inexplicably, in her shift while talking to Colin Firth. Convent girls in France did this till over a century later, but the Marquise de Merteuil (even as played by the sweetly American Miss Bening)? And would the Vicomte de Valmont, that devilishly impeccable aristocrat (even as played by the unvirilely British Firth), express his displeasure by petulantly overturning her tub?

Everything of any interest has been defanged or omitted from this unfunny farce: religion, true evil, elegance, style, epistolary narration, and, above all, eighteenth-century language and behavior. Any high-school kids in today's Middle America might talk this way if they still talked at all. Hardly anyone can even pronounce a French name correctly—not even Mme. de Merteuil her own. Everyone is much younger than called for: Cécile and Danceny appear to be 13. There is a sassy black maid and a comically adulterous middle-aged couple (not in the book), but no genuine sex, much less wit. I can understand this coming from the oafish Czech director whose American career is based on two vile popular successes (*One Flew over the Cuckoo's Next* and *Amadeus*), but why a Frenchman would try to further his *carrière* by defacing a national monument is beyond me. Come to think of it, he did the same to Proust in *Swann in Love*.

■ *We're No Angels* is, loosely speaking, the remake of a remake of a remake; but not even loosely speaking is it a movie. One murderous convict and two much nicer ones escape from a U.S. prison near the Canadian border and try to make it across. They are pursued by a bloodthirsty warden (the late, splendid Ray McAnally, driven to overact shamelessly) and his two- and four-footed bloodhounds, with Robert De Niro and Sean Penn, as the nice convicts, mistaken for two famous but missing literary priests whose garb they assume. (Why don't the real priests ever show up?) Neither De Niro, who has been funny on occasion, nor Penn, who hasn't, shows any comedic gift under Neil Jordan's lumbering direction: desperate, silent grimaces don't make it as funny lines. Even the illiterate way our heroes speak should have clued in the average halfwit to their imposture.

■ *Triumph of the Spirit* is the true—though surely fiddled-with—story of a Greek Jewish longshoreman, Salamo Arouch, who made Balkan middleweight boxing champion just before the Germans moved in and shipped him and his parents, sweetheart, kin, and friends to Auschwitz. Here all but his girlfriend (eventually transferred to another camp) perished. Only Salamo survived by boxing for one of the German officers, who took heavy bets on his fighter. The rules were: You keep slugging until one of you hits the mat and cannot rise. It is a terrible story, shot authentically at Auschwitz, with the director, Robert M. Young, using as much restraint and tact as the subject permitted.

I am doubtful about anyone's being able to make this film, but Young and his writers—Andrzej Krakowski and Laurence Heath, working from a story by Shimon Arama and Zion Haen—have neither the imagination nor the integrity to make this film believable in many of its details, and absolute credibility is a *sine qua non* here. Some of the actors are, without being



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brilliant, good enough (Willem Dafoe, Robert Loggia, Wendy Gazelle); others (Edward James Olmos, Kelly Wolf) are not. To be sure, some scenes, by their very nature, cannot fail to be moving, but when artistry does not rise to such content, you feel doubly had. The coarse, incessant music by Cliff Eidelman consolidates the fiasco.

■ *Blaze* is also based on an autobiography—that of the stripper Blaze Starr, who was the long-time mistress of Governor Earl K. Long of Louisiana (and short-time fling of JFK)—and it, too, takes obvious liberties with the truth. It seems to me that a historical work about the distant, nebulous past has more right to poetic license than one about recent, well-documented events. *Blaze* was written and directed by Ron Shelton, who did so drolly and gracefully by *Bull Durham*, but whose whimsy and seriousness here cohabit much less easefully than did Blaze and Governor Long.

It's not only that Long was far from the unqualified friend of blacks that the film makes him out to be, or that some of the achievements ascribed to him were those of his brother, or that he had a wife as well as a nephew in the U.S. Senate crimping his style but unexamined here, or that he was far from being the glamor puss Paul Newman is, even with artfully roughed-up hair and gruffed-up voice. (Newman, in fact, is "acting" throughout.) It is that the oddball affair between a bluffly offbeat pol of 65 and an unusually "artistic" stripper of 28 should somehow tickle and move the hell out of us—especially with Shelton inventing a grand deathbed scene—but it just plumb doesn't.

This is no fault of Lolita Davidovich, a Yugoslav from Canada, who is wonderfully brash and tender, childlike and astute as Blaze—and also looks and strips like her to a fault; or of Haskell Wexler, whose lovely, pastel cinematography does not get carried away by its own beauty; or of a supporting cast that really looks like politicos and their wives, strippers and their johns—real characters in both senses of the word. But it is Shelton's and Newman's fault, surely.

■ *The Fabulous Baker Boys* is an old-style byways-of-show-business story about two musician brothers (played by actual brothers: Jeff and Beau Bridges), lounge pianists who, finding themselves slipping, hire a spunky girl vocalist (Michelle Pfeiffer) to boost their fortunes. Even though Beau is happily married and a father, and Jeff single and eminently susceptible to Michelle's not exactly unavailable charms, the now successful trio manages to suffer from the somehow disruptive presence of the young woman. (Don't ask me to explain; I can't.) As written and directed by the newcomer Steve Kloves, well played by at least Jeff and Michelle, and mouthwateringly photographed by Michael Ballhaus, the film has initial appeal—especially in the opening scene, in which Jeff rises from the bed of a casual paramour in a bleary dawn, and, asked by the woman whether she'll see him again, answers with a quietly devastating "No."

But the new-minted, flavorous approach to old-hat material does not last. Pretty soon we are mired in the very same maunderings we remember from at least as far back as *Alexander's Ragtime Band*; and such things as Jeff's sporadic return to a soulful black jazz joint, there to tickle the ivories into real music (which sounds scarcely different from the unreal one), land us firmly in a trunkful of cinematic hand-me-downs.

■ *Family Business*, based on a popular novel, is the story of a family that preys together and stays together, more or less. Grandfather Sean Connery, an Irishman, and his Sicilian wife had Vito, Dustin Hoffman, who, on his Jewish spouse, begat Adam, played by Matthew Broderick. No three actors—or even people—look and sound less like a family. Now add that Connery is a charming, lecherous, irremediable conman; Hoffman a tough and thoroughly reconstructed ex-con running a wholesale meat business and determined that his son make good at MIT and beyond; and Broderick a scientific wizard and dropout, bent on making good as a cerebral superburglar. Cute.

Together they undertake a complicated heist from a Long Island research lab, which they perform as pros only to be suddenly stricken with rank amateurishness. From this point on nothing makes sense; it is a measure of the film's ineptitude that Adam's Chinese-American MIT prof,


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who quit academe to work in said lab, is played by B. D. Wong, the currently favored Asian-American actor, who looks all of 28 or thirty. (Possible, but improbable and emotionally unsatisfying.) Sidney Lumet, who has been known to do better, gives us two almost identical wakes, with the same group warbling "Danny Boy," and the same peddler hawking ill-gained luxury wares. The tone of the film is wobbly enough to register TILT on the most sluggish pinball machine in letters of fire. Connery is charming, but only because he is Connery; his supposedly winning character is a creep. □

## SOUND ON DISC

# Beethoven, Brahms & Others

RALPH de TOLEDANO

ROGER NORRINGTON and Melvyn Tan have given us the first two Beethoven concertos and now we have their No. 3 in C Minor and No. 4 in G Major. What is significant about these recordings is 1) Norrington's interpretation and 2) the use of a fortepiano instead of the pianoforte employed in most performances. Norrington, through his seating of the orchestra as it was in Beethoven's day and use of instruments contemporary to the time, gives us new apperceptions of Beethoven. The piano Tan plays, a copy of an instrument made in the early nineteenth century—with a wood rather than metal frame, thinner strings, and a Viennese action—is warmer, more subtle, and less at odds with the full orchestra. The fortepiano, moreover, is a more supple instrument than the pianoforte, more faithfully delineating Beethoven's intent. And there is in this version, as there is always in any Norrington performance, an exciting freshness (Angel/EMI CD 7 49815 2).

■ Over the years I have worn through copies of the LP Violin Concerto in D Major of Beethoven, suffering Leonard Bernstein in order to have Isaac Stern. The clean beauty of Stern's playing, the perfection of his fingering and bowing, made each playing a living experience. Now we have a CD of the concerto by Itzhak Perlman with the Berliner Philharmoniker and Daniel Barenboim. As a soloist, though on piano, Barenboim is sensitive to the competition and interplay between orchestra and solo instrument in a concerto. He also has the muscle that Bernstein simply lacks. Perlman does not have the mastery of Stern, but he brings to his playing a strength and an *élan*, a kind of muscular sensitivity, that is equally fit for a recital of Beethoven's vibrant score (Angel/EMI CDC 7 49567 2).

■ The films make certain pieces of music so familiar that we cease to hear them. So Hollywood has deprived us of Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, and Brahms. But with main effort I have been *listening* to the Brahms Piano Concerto No. 1, driving out of consciousness the flickering shadows of movie sensibility. This work, along with the *Variations on a Theme of Schumann*, was the young Brahms's memorial to a musician he idolized and whose attempted suicide and death in a sanitarium cut so deeply into Brahms's psyche. Both are offered on a CD recording by the great Georg Solti and the Wiener Philharmoniker, with Andras Schiff at the piano. Brahms, who like Jelly Roll Morton played piano in a *bagnio*, was once foolishly dismissed as a Romantic, but his nineteenth-century music is soundly based on a classical foundation. This is lovely music, written when melodic content was still respected, and Solti makes the most of it, though Schiff seems occasionally overcome by orchestral sounds and textures. It is more than worth the effort of *listening* (London 425 110-2).

■ In his introduction to his *First Book of Ayres*, published in 1597, John Dowland wrote, "That harmoniy which is skilfullie expressed by Instruments . . . easily stirs up the minds of the hearers to admiration & delight, yet far higher authoritie and power hath been ever worthily attributed to that kinde of Musicke, which to the sweetness of instrument applies the lively voice of man, expressing some worthy sentence or excellent Poeme." For Dowland recognized that in the best of song, there must be a marriage of words and music, formalized by that most affecting of instruments, the human voice. The marriage was within himself, for like the best songwriters, then and now, he wrote his own lyrics. It may be that these songs, written by one of a group of English composers who were the last to stand shoulder to shoulder with their Continental brethren, are an acquired taste—but then so is music, and all art. Their slightly euphuistic language matches the polyphony—and they must have delighted the Elizabethan court. They delight me too, particularly as enunciated by the singers of the Consort of Musicke, led by lutanist Anthony Rooley (Polygram/L'Oiseau Lyre 421 653-2).

■ Is it odd or as it should be that two great American musicals should be performed and recorded by English casts, orchestras, and conductors? Yet this is what we have now with the Jerome Kern/Oscar Hammerstein *Show Boat* and the George Gershwin/DuBose Heyward/Ira Gershwin *Porgy and Bess*. For *Porgy*, there is conductor Simon Rattle, the Glyndebourne Chorus, various singers, and the London Philharmonic (Angel EMI CDS 749568 2). The singers in *Show Boat* are aided by the London Sinfonietta and conducted by John McGlinn (Angel EMI CDC 7 49847 2). I never saw the Broadway *Show Boat* though I was ecstatic as a boy with the movie version and the elegant Joseph Schildkraut as Gaylord Ravenaal. And how many times did I hear Paul Robeson, later to be betrayed by his Communist captors, singing "Old Man River." So nostalgia takes over. As for *Porgy and Bess*, its living and breathing elements of Gershwin melody, Broadway, and the blues are lost in what aims at an operatic ambiance. *Porgy* called itself a folk opera, but its strength was in its songs, not in *recitative* which would have much better been plain speech. There is an old LP of selections from *Porgy* with the late and forgotten Lawrence Tibbit, and another with Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald—and I apologize to those who labored over the operatic version when I say that those two old records are closer to the Gershwin spirit.

■ There is nothing ersatz about the sec-



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ond volume of LP reissues of the great Commodore recordings, another 23 added to the original first volume (Mosaic Records, 35 Melrose Place, Stamford, Connecticut 06902). Milt Gabler and Commodore Records gave us the best of small-band jazz—the jazz that grew out of New Orleans and Chicago, Harlem and the blues—the jazz that you heard at Nick's in Greenwich Village, Jimmy Ryan's, and the bistros of 52nd Street when it was a jazz center and not a canyon of high-rise office buildings. On these recordings you hear the Commodore cats that Eddie Condon kept alive. You hear Joe Bushkin and George Zack and others you've probably forgotten. You are back in the Forties and Fifties, and there is an accompanying booklet in which Milt Gabler talks about the jazzmen, the record dates, and how he put it all together. If you love jazz, you will pawn your Scott Fitzgerald collection in order to get this collection. □

## DELECTATIONS

# An American Christmas in Lapland

NIKA HAZELTON

One of the things I enjoyed most at Christmas this year was a simply wonderful fruitcake, made by Trappist monks in Virginia. It had a world of fruit in it (nothing like the all-too-scant fruit in most commercial cakes), so that greed got the better of me, and I kept stealing back to the cake to sink my teeth into that absolutely heavenly mixture of glacé fruit and nuts, with everything soused in brandy (and very good brandy too). It reminded me of bringing a fruitcake to Lapland in North Norway one Christmastime, and being amused at the way the natives took to this new delicacy (supposedly native to the American South), which they did with a vim and vigor that would put many a Southerner to shame.

I was in Karajosk, a totally Lapp city, visiting a friend, who had, perhaps overconfidently, invited her relatives for a typical American turkey dinner. The bird, imported from the U.S.A. (*not* by me), was thawing on her kitchen table, so cold, so white, so bare, as the old song has it ("St. James Infirmary Blues"). But we still had to go shopping for the fixings, not an easy thing to do in Karajosk. Dressed in warm skins from top to bottom (only my feet were cold, since I was still wearing three pairs of wool socks and American boots instead of Lapp boots), we ventured out among the Lapps who were doing the last of their Christmas shopping, and were stuffing themselves with sticky sweets between errands.

With a certain amount of difficulty—since I was the only one who knew what I needed—I got the onions, sage, and bread for the stuffing; the small onions and the cream; the cranberries (not the jellied kind). Oddly, we found the marshmallows easily enough, but not the sweet potatoes that were to be crowned by them (I distinctly remember the sweets shop that had imported the marshmallows). So instead of sweet potatoes we decided on extra-rich mashed potatoes, and gave the marshmallows to the children. I remember that I had a confused idea linking marshmallows and Boy Scouts; but the kids to whom I gave them wallowed in marshmallow sweetness and paid no attention to my orating about Scouts' honor, etc.

At last we got home to cook the dinner, and found the guests already assembling to watch the unusual procedures. I will draw a veil over the chaos in my friend's orderly kitchen; I even made gravy, a food that I dislike intensely anywhere in the world. My friend was not much help, since she had to mind the store so that her husband, a famous jeweler of North Norway, could come into the kitchen to watch me fuss.

Finally the bird was transformed into a golden-brown nugget of goodness with its simple stuffing, into which I had thrown some oysters at the last minute. We sat down thanking our Lord for what was to come.

And the dessert? Frankly speaking, I am not good at pie-making, and in particular I could not face the making of apple pies (since pumpkin did not exist in Karajosk). No way. But I had brought with me from America the fruitcake for which I gave the recipe in my last "Delectations," and it also got devoured, with glee.

I was glad that I had upheld the honor of American cooks, and the guests were happy to have sampled the strange holiday foods from across the ocean. Since then, I've cooked many turkeys, but none with the satisfaction of that time in Lapland.

Note: The fruitcake mentioned in the first paragraph comes in a nice tin box. Write to The Monastery, Holy Cross Abbey, Berryville, Virginia 22611. □


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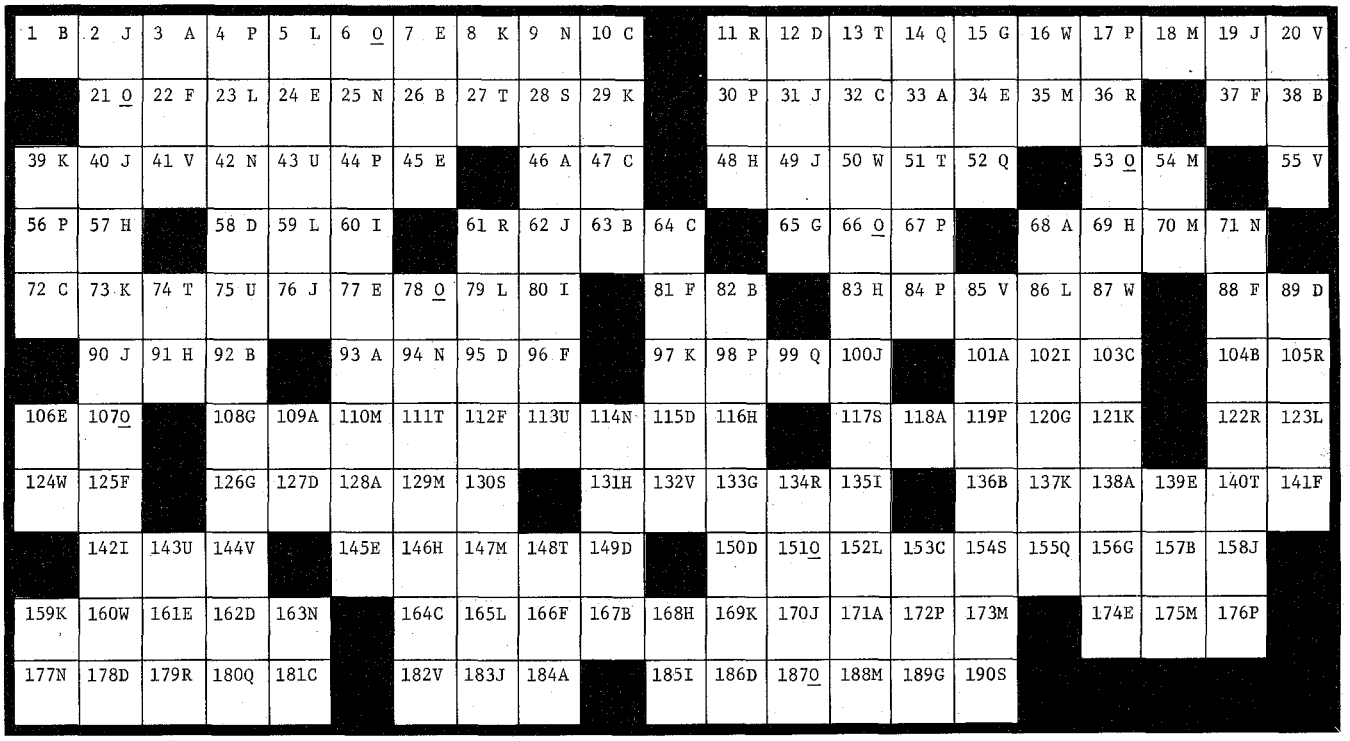
# TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney




## DEFINITIONS

A. City on the Delaware River — 68 109 46 138 128 184 3 171 93 118 / 33 101

B. From above (hyph.) — 38 63 157 104 92 167 136 1 82 26

C. Impropriety — 153 47 103 10 164 64 32 72 181

D. Supply-side economic tool (2 words) — 95 115 58 89 149 186 150 178 162 12 / 127

E. In the direction of the long side — 174 139 106 34 77 7 145 24 45 161

F. Measured crawlers — 81 141 37 22 125 88 166 96 112

G. Drugs are sold here — 126 189 133 120 156 65 108 15

H. Clams and oysters — 116 146 57 48 83 168 69 131 91

I. Labels — 185 60 142 102 135 80

J. Doubts — 62 170 158 100 19 2 49 90 40 31 / 183 76

K. Differently — 137 97 73 121 39 159 169 29 8

L. Commonplace — 165 152 86 59 123 79 23 5

M. Diving bird — 129 147 70 188 54 175 173 35 18 110

N. Nineteenth-century vessels — 177 42 163 94 114 71 9 25

O. Chinese dish (2 words) — 21 151 53 6 78 107 187 66

P. Like a certain Hannah (hyph.) — 17 44 98 172 56 176 84 4 30 119 / 67

Q. Lets — 14 99 180 155 52

R. Aims — 105 179 61 11 134 36 122

S. What a householder does to flies — 154 117 28 190 130

T. Decorated the tree — 148 74 111 27 140 13 51

U. Coin — 43 75 143 113

V. Is present — 182 132 55 20 85 144 41

W. Demonstrated — 87 160 124 16 50

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 61 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**



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## The Osculation Reservation

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11

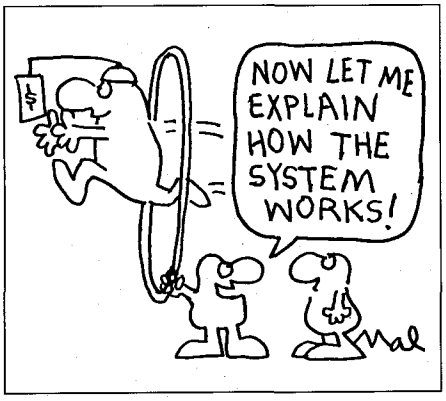
Henry Kissinger made it clear, some time after the event, that he was not responsible for the "atmospherics" of President Nixon's visit to China. For those whose memory is so beneficent as to have forgotten what happened, at the first evening's banquet, President Nixon, carried away by the *Gemütlichkeit*, went around his host's table and toasted every one of the beasts at that table. This happened (1972) while the Cultural Revolution was at full fury, and when the current strongman in China, Deng Xiaoping, was in one of Mao's jails.

And now we see, in the very first shots of Mr. Bush's overture to China, a picture of General Scowcroft, accompanied by Lawrence Eagleburger, raising his champagne glass in a toast to the Chinese leaders who triumphed over the best instincts of their young students, shooting them down and executing the students' *nomenklatura*, as hard-liners initiated a great seizure of economic and intellectual recidivism, uprooting the free farmers and doing away with every trace of intellectual freedom.

This is not an argument against the Scowcroft mission. Cool thought approved retrospectively the fact of Nixon's going to China, though not his conduct while in China, even as cool thought approves the notion that we should have a solid working relationship with China. The question has always been: How to do this, without relenting on our moral evaluation of what happened in Tiananmen Square? If General Scowcroft had gone to China, made his concessions in formal circumstances, and kept at bay any photographers if he felt it necessary to exchange toasts, we'd have come closer to communicating the duality of our position on the China we need to consort with, and the China that shoots young freedom-seeking men and women.

In 1984 the same kind of question arose when Fidel Castro, on his way back to Cuba from Andropov's funeral in Moscow, stopped by for a few hours in Madrid. There he was greeted by the prime minister, Felipe González, with the smoochiest embrace in modern diplomatic history. Given that modern Spain publicly deplores the godfather of modern Spain, Francisco Franco, because he engaged in mild censorship and rounded up a half-dozen political prisoners every year, one would have supposed that Spain's prime minister would have made some effort to communicate something less than enthusiasm for the sadistic totalitarian whose grip on Cuba began only three years after Khrushchev sent tanks into Hungary. Granted there is the problem of the Mediterranean tradition, in which the *abrazo* is the conventional means by which men greet each other. Even so, diplomatic ardor can be kept within reasonable limits. If Felipe and Fidel had gone any further, they'd have needed a hotel room.

It was not surprising that Congressman Stephen Solarz, who is chairman of the subcommittee of the House Foreign Affairs Committee that deals with Asia, should have criticized the Scowcroft mission. It is entirely possible that he'd have done so even if Scowcroft had arrived in China wearing a chastity belt. But the impression conveyed by television—of two old pals greeting each other as they might at a college reunion—fortifies criticism which is not earned. The American public is correctly confused. References crop up about Jimmy Carter having been the first President to put human rights into our foreign policy (by the way, incorrect). Yet it was Carter who visited Poland and spoke effusively about the Communist leadership there. And it was Carter who greeted Ceausescu of Rumania as though he was running the Vatican. Mr. Bush ought to know what a difference it can make. He had a tough time of it when, during the campaign, he was reminded of his effusiveness when he visited Manila as the guest of Ferdinand Marcos.



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Well, the step is taken, China is back in our orbit, and it is left primarily to Chinese students studying in America, not to American officials, to criticize the leadership of China. But it is time to resubmit to the Republican Party a plank proposed in 1984 in this space, after the González–Castro visit: "No American President should physically embrace any world leader responsible for the death, torture, and/or arbitrary imprisonment of more than .01 per cent of his people." For short, the Osculation Reservation. □

## Hate Mrs. Thatcher?

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 13

Some years ago a young Mexican musician (he played classical piano) called on me (we had a friend in common) with a request, namely would I put in a word for him with the Immigration Department to help him avoid deportation to Mexico? I reflected on a similar request a few years earlier, when Yoko Ono telephoned me in Switzerland to ask me to intercede for her husband, John Lennon, who was also about to be deported. I told the Mexican that I had no powers to "fix" an application for special treatment, beyond those I could exercise publicly in the press by attempting, where relevant, to engender public sympathy. In John Lennon's case it was a drug problem: he had been fetched up in Canada, as I remember, with a cache of marijuana, and U.S. immigration laws said no to anyone applying for residence who had had a drug conviction. I do not remember what followed legally, but I suppose one must retrospectively regret that he won out. John Lennon won the right to live in New York, and was murdered there.

I asked the musician his grounds for requesting political sanctuary. He told me that when in Mexico he had criticized the government, dominated then as now by the PRI (Partido Revolucionario Institucional). I did not dispute his statement that the Mexican government is despotic in its practices (less so now than ten years ago), but after making inquiries at the office of a friendly legislator, I asked



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him what evidence he could give to Immigration that, if he were forcibly returned to Mexico, he would become an object of political persecution. He tried very hard to dramatize his plight. But—well, there wasn't any evidence. No threatening letters he could produce. No Most Wanted Political Subversives list he could display. I knew that Immigration, confronted with the whole of the evidence, would rule simply that the musician was motivated by his preference for life in America, over life in Mexico.

Over the weekend, the Hong Kong government began shipping citizens back to Vietnam. There was heated debate over this policy in the House of Commons, with an international chorus of dismay over what Hong Kong was doing. Neil Kinnock, the leader of the Labor opposition, deplored the government's policy, remarking that this time the relevant executive would not be in a position to say, as they all did at Nuremberg, "I was just following orders." Because Mrs. Thatcher is the one who gives the orders. In a spirited rebuttal, Mrs. Thatcher insisted that the people of Hong Kong, who have accepted more than a million refugees over the years, have come upon a crisis of living space, and are entitled to send back to Hanoi people who cannot prove that their return would be a hazard to life and limb, as for instance was clearly the case among those wretched Eastern Europeans and Russians returned by the U.S. and Great Britain in 1945–47, Operation Keelhaul, to be murdered by Stalin. Mrs. Thatcher, with that nice flair for polemics, closed by remarking that those countries that were so loudly objecting to Hong Kong's policy might do better by "accepting these refugees, rather than merely deploring their repatriation."

If we concede that a country has the moral right to control the number of immigrants it accepts, then we need to ask whether that right diminishes in certain circumstances, and to ask, further, what are those circumstances? Clearly an Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn or an Albert Einstein, fleeing Brezhnev or Hitler, merits sanctuary. Multiply their number by ten thousand, and still they deserve sanctuary. In Operation Keelhaul we were dealing not with a few thousand, but with over one million human beings. It is an ineradicable blight on the West that we sent those people to Gulag.

But—what do we do when there is manifest dissimulation? British examiners in Hong Kong sign official signatures, sustained by conscientious findings, to the effect that the forty thousand Vietnamese scheduled for repatriation had no motive for coming to Hong Kong save to seek a better life. Implicit in their findings is that a better life for them would mean a worse life for the citizens of Hong Kong.

Vietnam is a totalitarian nation. Does it follow that anyone fleeing Vietnam should expect sanctuary? The proposition attracts me. But if Mexico were to move from authoritarianism to totalitarianism, would Americans open their frontiers—say, to 25 million refugees?

The questions are deeply troubling, and one should weigh them before castigating Mrs. Thatcher. □

## *Thus Spake General Mitchell*

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 8

The news brings in gentle skepticism from Paul Nitze, our disarmament aristocrat, who sniffs in the Malta bacchanalia a little of the smell of Reykjavik: a little too much ardor, at the expense of realism. It boiled down to a single sentence. Mr. Nitze said, "I still think Gorbachev is a Communist."

The other day I heard a prominent military officer giving a small assembly a view of the scene, through the eyes of the military. General Mitchell (as I shall call him) reminded us that there is one given in the situation, namely the strategic objective. That objective is, really, to maintain sufficient strength to deter aggressive action done at our expense. You can't do that without spending a certain amount of money—how much, of course, depending on the nature of the threat. General Mitchell is understandably sensitive about the kind of language conventionally used by a basically nonmilitaristic nation. We are constantly reading about "bloodbaths" in the Pentagon—interesting, says the general, since he knows a great deal about blood, but has never seen anything that might be confused with a bloodbath in the Pentagon. He expects that references will always be made to "military brass" rather than to military leaders. And that when there is talk of a reduction in spending, it will always feature the word "slash" to describe spending on the military, while the word "trim" is applicable to all other contemplated reductions.

What can safely be said about recent developments is that it is inconceivable that the Soviet war machine would attempt ("during the next few months or years") to overrun Europe or to launch a nuclear attack against the United States. But genuine disarmament—that is, of the kind that entitles us to believe the threat is permanently in abeyance—is something that simply has not happened. Only very recently have the Soviets taken measures to reduce the manufacture of tanks and fighter airplanes, but at a rate far less rapid than our own. And if we assume that the START negotiations will conclude in an agreement by the end of 1990, which is reasonable, the Soviet Union will still be left with seven thousand nuclear warheads. "They can destroy the United States with half that number." Contemplated demobilization would reduce Soviet manpower by 10 per cent. Such a reduction could in fact result in a leaner but stronger army. The fighting force of a nation is not reliably measured by quantitative means.

There are reductions planned, and the Pentagon is ready for this, but whereas we can risk a reduction in the size of our military, and a reduction in such reserves as would be needed to sustain a military offensive, we can't sacrifice modernization. To do this is to run risks which are irreversible: you do not quickly catch up with an aggressor who has achieved technological pre-eminence, and this brings us to SDI.

General Mitchell said that the Air Force is the true friend of SDI, whatever you hear to the contrary. But the Air Force is convinced that talk about early deployment, before we had anything to deploy, argued against the success of SDI by baring its vulnerability. The mistake of Star Warriors has always been to exaggerate what it could do and when. The Air Force originally said that the basic machinery of SDI could not be deployed until 1993. Insufficient backing by Congress changed that estimate to 1996; and now, with the latest cuts, the year to think about is 1998.

Meanwhile, we need to consider other devices, including the much-maligned B-2 bomber. It is, for want of a better word, "silly" to jettison a program in which we have invested $29 billion. It is paradoxically demoralizing to limit the number of B-2s that should be produced for reasons of economy. If we ended by producing 29 bombers, Congress would reasonably balk at spending $1 billion per bomber.

. . . And so it goes. General Mitchell is learned in his trade, cool in his judgment, ardent in his convictions. I expect that he would probably agree with Paul Nitze, that Gorbachev is still a Communist. A closet Communist, perhaps. □

*(Universal Press Syndicate)*



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# OFF THE RECORD

■ Some folks never learn. A few issues ago we reported on UNESCO's new push to get back into America's good graces (not to mention its budget) by enlisting the First Lady to do a commercial for its literacy campaign. It was a good plan, but it went awry when comments by UNESCO workers that Barbara Bush was chosen because she was the only one in Washington "with the right combination of influence and fuzzy-mindedness" were reported back to the White House, and the Bushes were not amused—good news for taxpayers.

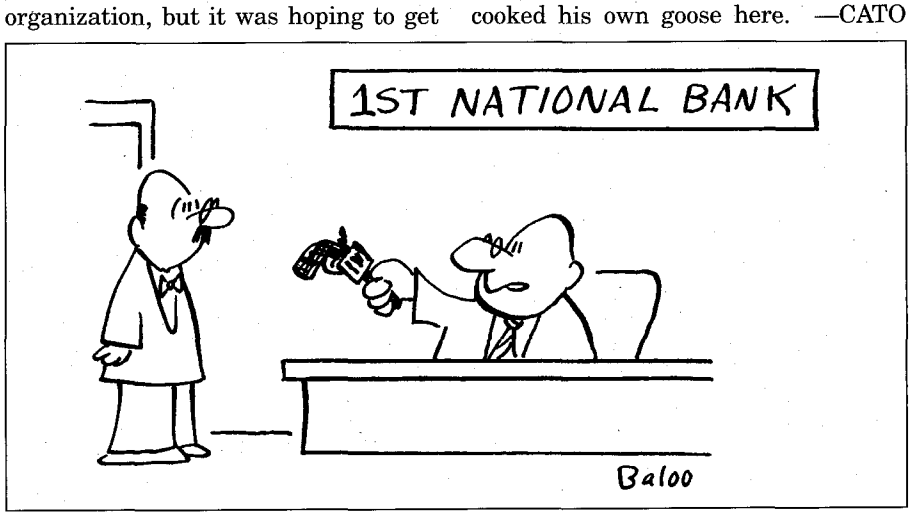
The U.S. withdrew from UNESCO back in 1984 because of fraud, scandal, and dubious politics in what was supposed to be an apolitical organization promoting education, science, and culture. UNESCO had always had a Third World slant, but under Amadou Mahtar M'Bow, who headed UNESCO from 1974 to 1987, the Paris-based organization developed into an internationally protected bureaucracy that devoted itself to the personal enrichment of M'Bow, while promoting policies that would guarantee the impoverishment of its putative clients. Among the pet obsessions that have survived the M'Bow years is support for the New World Information and Communication Order (NWICO)—a measure designed to deal with press freedom by making people like Comandante Ortega and Colonel Qaddafi managing editors in addition to their many other duties.

All this is much harder to accomplish, however, without the $40-million contribution from Uncle Sam each year, and so new Director General Federico Mayor has been whispering sweet promises of reform into American ears. UNESCO is touting the report of its recently concluded general conference as evidence of good faith. But perhaps a better indication of what UNESCO means by this came during the conference debate when a member of the Spanish delegation tackled the problem of NWICO. "We need to use the phrase 'new strategy' to attract people who don't know the substance of what we do," he said. Doubtless he is a holdover from the Dukakis campaign team.

Right now the Administration is studying the report, but the impression so far is that there is nothing in it to warrant America's returning to UNESCO. Nevertheless, a chorus of voices outside the government has been calling for U.S. re-entry into the organization. These UNESCO junkies include Leonard Sussman, a former critic of UNESCO, Jack Fobes of Americans for the Universality of UNESCO, and Robert T. Stafford, chairman of the United Nations Association–USA panel on UNESCO. Although they do not represent the government and have no official status, they have nonetheless helped create the impression that all that stands between UNESCO and the American pocketbook is a few Neanderthals at the State Department.

■ Nor is UNESCO the only international nuisance looking for legitimacy. The Palestine Liberation Organization has upset things at the UN by moving to get official recognition as a government. Right now the PLO enjoys observer status at the UN as an organization, but it was hoping to get this upped to observer status as "the state of Palestine," putting it on a par with such places as the Vatican and Switzerland. Back in April, U.S. officials thwarted a similar move by the PLO at the World Health Organization. Should the PLO get one of these organizations to recognize it as a "state," it would then use that recognition to shake down other organizations for the same treatment, notwithstanding that the usual criteria for nation status include some kind of government, borders, and a failing Social Security plan.

In any case, the day was again carried by the Great Satan, which threatened to cut off the 25 per cent or so we contribute to the UN budget in the event that the delegates went ahead with recognition of the PLO as a state. This in turn provoked a reply from the president of the General Assembly, Major General Joseph N. Garba of Nigeria, who issued a press release insisting that the U.S. contribution to the UN was an "obligation" as opposed to a "charity," in no way "linked to anything that happens in the General Assembly." Then Reuters ran a piece quoting a State Department official as criticizing General Garba's role in the PLO affair and attributing it to his desire to succeed Javier Pérez de Cuéllar when his term as Secretary General expires next year. This in turn prompted *another* press release from Garba, who took the Jesse Jackson line—that he "is not a candidate" for the job and that it is "inappropriate" to burden Pérez de Cuéllar "with speculation about his possible successor." Word around State is that Garba has cooked his own goose here. —CATO




*"We've decided to foreclose on Venezuela, Prescott. Get down there and take the place over."*



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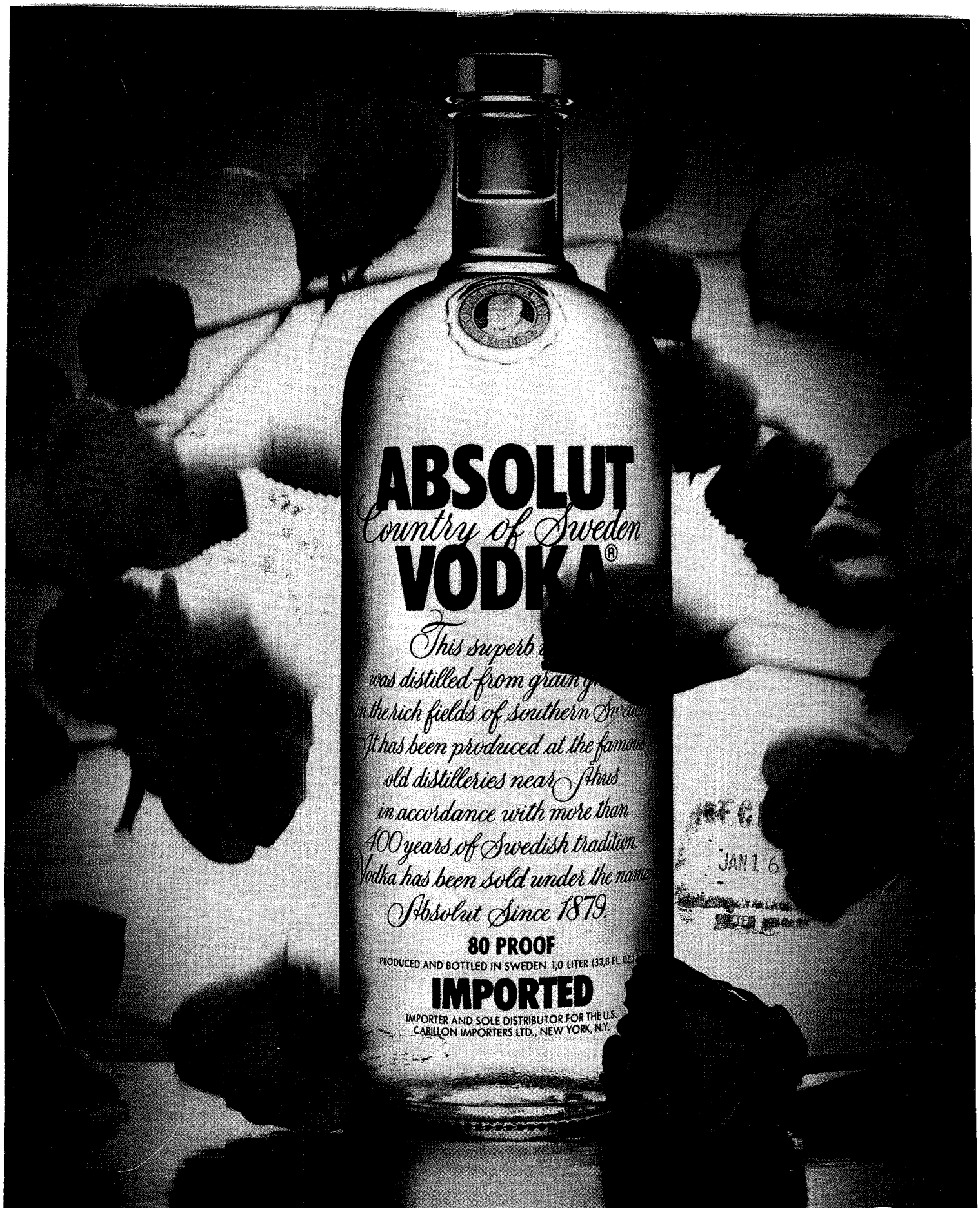
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